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HALF A ROGUE

BY HAROLD MACGRATH

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HAPTER 1.—(Continued.)

paused, her arms hanging list- her sides, her gaze rivted upon ern in the rug at her feet. War- n sat like a man of stone; her had cast a spell upon him.

o not know why I tell you these It may weary you. I do not Madness lay in silence. I had some one. This morning I found ll. My mother left my father e he was . . . a thief!"

thief!" fell mechanically from ngton's lips.

hief, bold, unscrupulous; not the burglar, no. A man who has funds entrusted to him for a man who has plundered the n and the widow, the most able of men. My mother died of , and I knew nothing. My father ast night for South America, with him all the available leaving me a curt note of ex- ion. I have neither money, , nor home. The newspapers, know nothing; but tomorrow, row! The banks have seized ev- ng."

continued her story. Sometimes as superb in her wrath; at oth- ject in her misery. She seemed s through the whole gamut of ssions.

all this while it ran through ngton's head—"What a theme play! What a voice!"

pitied the girl from the bottom of art; but what could he do for her than offer her cold sympathy? s ill at ease in the face of this r tragedy.

t once the girl stopped and fac- . There was a smile on her lips, e that might be likened to a f sunlight on a wintry day. Di- the smile melted into a laugh, , mischievous, reverberating.

ington sat up stiffly in his chair. g your pardon!" he said.

girl sat down before a small g-table. She reached among papers and finally found what ought.

Warrington, all this has been y bad taste; I frankly confess it. are two things you may do: the house in anger, or remain to e me this imposition."

ail to understand." He was not ngered, but bewildered.

ave deceived you."

u mean that you have lured me y a trick? That you have play- on my sympathies to gratify—"

it a moment," she interrupted y, her cheeks darkening richly. ck, it is true; but there are ex- ing corcumstances. What I told you has happened, only it ot today nor yesterday. Please e seated till I have done. I am I was educated in the cities I named; I have to earn my liv-

rose and came over to his She gave him a letter.

d this; you will fully under- ington experienced a mild chill saw a letter addressed to him s rude scribble at the bottom of

Challoner—I beg to state that neither the time nor the inclin- to bother with amateur act- RICHARD WARRINGTON.

was scarcely polite, was it?" she with a tinge of irony. "It was y diplomatic, either, you will I simply asked you for work. an honest effort to obtain em- nt ought not to be met with in- ."

tared dumbly at the evidence in nd. He recalled distinctly the hat was in his heart when he this note. The stage manager et some valuable manuscript d to be rewritten from memory, es having been destroyed.

weeks," said the girl, "I have o get a hearing. Manager after r I sought; all refused to see I have suffered a hundred af- all in silence. Your manager I t he referred me to you, know- at probably I should never find But I was determined. So I that was your answer. I con- at at the time I was terribly for courtesy is a simple thing ithin reach of every one."

eceive a lesson in manners from s woman, when that young wo- handsome and talented, is not pleasant experience But War- was a thorough gentleman, submitted with grace.

now that you are a busy man, ou are besieged with applica- You ought, at least, to have slips, such as editors have. I onfidence in my ability to act, nfidence which talent gives to ons. After receiving your letter more than ever determined to . So I resorted to this subter- It was all very distasteful to t I possess a vein of wilfulness. not my home. It is the home riend who was kind enough to over to me this night, relying y wit to bring about this meet-

as neatly done," was Warring- comment. He was not angry now at all. In fact, the girl interested him tremendously. "I am rather curious to learn how you went about it."

"You are not angry?"

"I was."

This seemed to satisfy her.

"Well, first I learned where you were in the habit of dining. All day long a messenger has been following you. A telephone brought me to the restaurant. The rest you know. It was simple."

"Very simple," laconically.

"You listened and believed. I have been watching you. You believed everything I have told you. You have even been calculating how this scene might go in a play. Have I convinced you that I have the ability to act?"

Warrington folded the letter and balanced it on his palm.

"You have fooled me completely; that ought to be sufficient recommendation."

"Thank you." But her eyes were eager with anxiety.

"Miss Challoner, I apologize for this letter. I do more than that. I promise not to leave this house till you agree to call at the theatre at ten tomorrow morning." He was smiling, and Warrington had a pleasant smile. He had an idea besides. "Good fortune put it into my head to follow you here. I see it all now, quite plainly. I am in a peculiar difficulty, and I honestly believe that you can help me out of it. How long would it take you to learn a leading part? In fact, the principal part?"

"A week."

"Have you had any experience?"

"A short season out west in a stock company."

"Good!"

"And I love work."

"Do not build any great hopes," he warned, "for your chance depends upon the whim of another woman. But you have my word and my good offices that something shall be put in your way. You will come at ten?" drawing on his gloves.

"Promptly."

"I believe that we both have been wise tonight; though it is true that a man dislikes being a fool and having it made manifest."

"And how about the woman scorned?" with an enchanting smile.

"It is kismet," he acknowledged.

CHAPTER II.

Warrington laid down his pen, brushed his smarting eyes, lighted his pipe and tilted back his chair. With his hands clasped behind his head, he fell into a waking dream, that familiar pastime of the creative mind. It was half after nine, and he had been writing steadily since seven. The scenario was done; the villain had lighted his last cigaret, the hero had put his arms protectingly around the heroine, and the irascible rich uncle had been brought to terms. All this, of course, figuratively speaking; for no one ever knew what the plot of that particular play was, in so much as Warrington never submitted the scenario to his manager, an act which caused almost a serious rupture between them. But tonight his puppets were moving hither and thither across the stage, pulsing with life; they were making entrances and exits; developing this climax and that; with wit and satire, humor and pathos. It was all very real to the dreamer.

The manuscript lay scattered about the top of his broad flat desk, and the floor beside the wastebasket was flaked with the remains of various futile lines and epigrams. The ashpan was littered with burnt matches, ends of cigars and pipe tobacco, while the ash-crumbs speckled all dark objects, not excepting the green rug under his feet. Warrington smoked incesasntly while at work, now a cigaret, now a cigar, now a pipe. Specialists declare, with cold authoritative positiveness, that the use of tobacco blunts the thought, dulls the edge of invention, but Warrington knew better. Many a night he had thrown his coat over his smoking jacket and dashed down the street to the corner drug store for a fresh supply of tobacco. He simply could not work without it. I do not know that he saw his heroes and heroines any plainer for the smoke, but I do know when their creator held a cigar between his teeth, they frowned less, and the spirit of malice and irony, of which he was master, became subdued.

Warrington was thirty-five now. The gray hair at the temples and the freshness of his complexion gave him a singularly youthful appearance. His mouth was even-lipped and rather pleasure-loving, which, without the balance of a strong nose, would have appealed to you as effeminate. Warrington's was what the wise phrenologists call the fighting nose; not pugnacious, but the nose of a man who will fight for what he believes to be right, fight bitterly and fearlessly. Today he was famous, but only yesterday he had been fighting, retreating throwing up his redoubt, digging this trench; fighting, fighting. Poverty, ignorance and contempt he fought; fought dishonesty, and vice, and treachery, and discouragement.

Presently he leaned toward the desk and picked up a letter. He read it thoughtfully, and his brows drew together. A smile, whimsically sad, stirred his lips, and was gone. It was written by a girl or a very young woman. There was no signature, no address, no veiled request for an autograph. It was one of those letters which bring to the novelist or dramatist, or any man of talent, a real and singular pleasure. It is precious because honest and devoid of the tawdry gilt of flattery.

Richard Warrington—You will smile, I know, when you read this letter; doubtless so many like it are mailed to you day by day. You will toss it into the waste basket, too, as it deserves to be. But it had to be written. However, I feel that I am not writing to a mere stranger, but to a friend whom I know well. Times and times you have entered into my life, and on each occasion you have come by a different avenue. I was ill at school when you first appeared to me. It was a poem in a magazine. It was so full of the spirit of joyousness, so full of kindliness, so rich in faith and hope, that I carried over it, cut it out and treasured it, and re-read it often in the lonely hours when things discouraged me—things which mean so little to women, but so much to girls. Two years went by, and then came that brave book! It was like coming across a half-forgotten friend. I actually ran home with it, and sat up all night to complete it. It was splendid. It was the poem matured, broadened, rounded. And finally your first play! How I listened to every word, watched every move! I wrote you a letter that night, but tore it up, not having the courage to send it to you. How versatile you must be: a poem, a book, a play! I have seen all your plays these five years, plays merry and gay, sad and grave. How many times you have mysteriously told me to be brave! I envy and admire you. What an exquisite thing it must be to hear one's thoughts spoken across the footlights! Please do not laugh. It would hurt me to know that you could laugh at my honest admiration. You won't laugh, will you? I am sure you will value this letter for its honesty rather than for its literary quality. I have often wondered what you were like. But after all, that cannot matter, since you are good and kind and wise; for you cannot be else, and write the lofty things you do.

Warrington put the letter away, placed it carefully among the few things he held of value. It would not be true to say that it left him unaffected. There was an innocent barb in this girlish admiration, and it pierced the quick of all that was good in him.

"Good and kind and wise," he mused. "If only the child knew! Heigh-ho! I am kind sometimes. I've been good, and often wise. Well, I can't disillusion the child, happily; she has given me no address."

He rose, wheeled his chair to a window facing the street, and opened it. The cool fresh April air rushed in, clearing the room of its opalescent clouds, cleansing his brain of the fever that beset it. He leaned with his elbows on the sill and breathed noisily, gratefully. Above, heaven had decked her broad bosom with her flickering stars, and from the million lamps of the great city rose and floated a tarnished yellow haze. So many sounds go forth to make the voices of the night; somewhere a child was crying fretfully, across the way the faint tinkle of a piano, the far-off rattle of the elevated, a muffled laugh from a window above, the rat-tat of a cab horse, the breeze in the ivy clinging to the walls of the church next door, the quarrelsome chirp of the sleepy sparrows; and then, recurrence. Only the poet or the man in pain opens his ears to these sounds.

Over on Broadway a child of his fertile brain was holding the rapt attention of several hundred men and women; and across the broad land that night four other dramas were being successfully acted. People were discussing his theories, denouncing or approving his conception of life. The struggle was past, his royalties were making him rich. And here he was this night, drinking the cup of bitterness, of unhappiness, the astringent draft of things that might and should have been. The coveted grape was sour, the desired apple was withered. Those who traverse the road with Folly as boon companion find only emptiness.

And so it was with Warrington. He had once been good, wholly good and kind and wise, lofty as a rural poet who has seen nothing of life save nature's pure and visible face. In the heat of battle he had been strong, but success had subtly eaten into the fibers and loosed his hold, and had swept him onward into that whirlpool out of which no man emerges wholly undefiled. It takes a great and strong man to withstand success, and Warrington was only a genius. It was not from lack of will power; rather it was because he was easy-going and loved pleasure for its own sake. He had fought and starved, and now for the jingle of the guinea in his pocket and the junkets of the gay! The prodigality of these creative beings is not fully understood by the laity, else they would forgive more readily the transgressions. Besides, the harbor of family ties is a man's moral bulwark; and Warrington drifted hither and thither with no harbor in view at all.

He had been an orphan since his birth; a mother meant simply a giver of life, and a father meant even less. Until he had read the reverse and obverse sides of life, his sense of morality had lain dormant and untilled. Such was his misfortune. The solitary relative he laid claim to was an aged aunt, his father's sister. For her he had purchased a beautiful place in the town of his birth, vaguely intending to live out his old age there.

There had been a fight for all he possessed. Good had not come easily, as it does to some particularly favored mortals. There was no family aristocracy to back him up, no melancholy recollections of past grandeur to add the interest of romance to his endeavors. His father had been a poor man of the people, a farmer. And yet Warrington was by no means plebeian. Somewhere there was a fine strain. It had been a fierce struggle to complete a college education. In the summer time he had turned his hand to all sorts of things to pay his winter's tuition. He had worked as clerk in summer hotels, as a surveyor's assistant in laying street railways, he had played at private secretary, he had hawked vegetables about the streets at dawn. Happily, he had no false pride. Chance moves quite as mysteriously as the tides. On leaving college he had secured a minor position on one of the daily newspapers, and had doggedly worked his way up to the coveted position of star reporter. Here the latent power of the storyteller, the poet and the dramatist was awakened; in any other pursuit the talent would have quietly died, as it has died in the breasts of thousands who, singularly enough, have not stood in the path of Chance.

Socially, Warrington was one of the many nobodies; and if he ever attended dinners and banquets and balls, it was in the capacity of reporter. But his cynical humor, which was manifest even in his youth, saved him the rancor and envy which is the portion of the outsider.

At length the great city called him, and the lure was strong. He answered, and the long battle was on. Sometimes he dined, sometimes he slept; for there's an old Italian saying that he who sleeps dines. He drifted from one paper to another, lived in prosperity one week and in poverty the next; haggled with pawnbrokers and landladies, and borrowed money and lent it. He never saved anything; the dreamer never does. Then one day the end came to the long lane, as it always does to those who keep on. A book was accepted and published; and then followed the first play.

By and by, when his name began to figure in the dramatic news items, and home visitors in New York returned to boast about the Warrington "first nights," the up-state city woke and began to recollect things—what promise Warrington had shown in his youth, how clever he was, and all that. Nothing succeeds like success, and nobody is so interesting as the prophet who has shaken the dust of his own country and found honor in another. Human nature can't help itself; the women talked of his plays in the reading clubs, the men speculated on the backs of envelopes what his royalties were, and the newspaper that had given him a bread-and-butter pittance for a man's work proudly took it upon itself to say that its columns had fostered the genius in the growing. This was not because the editors were really proud of their townsman's success; rather it was because it made a neat little advertisement of their own particular foresight, such as it was. In fact, in his own town (because he had refused to live in it!) Warrington was a lion of no small dimensions.

Warrington's novel (the only one he ever wrote) was known to few. To tell the truth, the very critics that were now praising the dramatist had slashed the novelist cruelly. And thereby hangs a tale. A New York theatrical manager sent for Warrington one day and told him that he had read the book, and if the author would attempt a dramatic version, the manager would give it a fair chance. Warrington, the bitterness of failure in his soul, undertook the work, and succeeded. Praise would have made an indifferent novelist of him, for he was a born dramatist.

Regularly each year he visited his birthplace for a day or so, to pay in person his taxes. For all that he labored in New York, he still retained his right to vote in his native town.

A sudden desire seized him tonight to return to his home, to become a citizen in fact and deed. It was now the time of year when the spring torrents flood the lowlands, when the melting snows trickle down the bleak hillsides, when the dead hand of winter lies upon the bosom of awakening spring, and the seed is in travail. Heigh-ho! the world went very well in the springs of old; care was in bondage, and all the many gateways to the heart were bastioned and sentineled.

"Sir, a lady wishes to see you."

Warrington turned. His valet stood respectfully in the doorway.

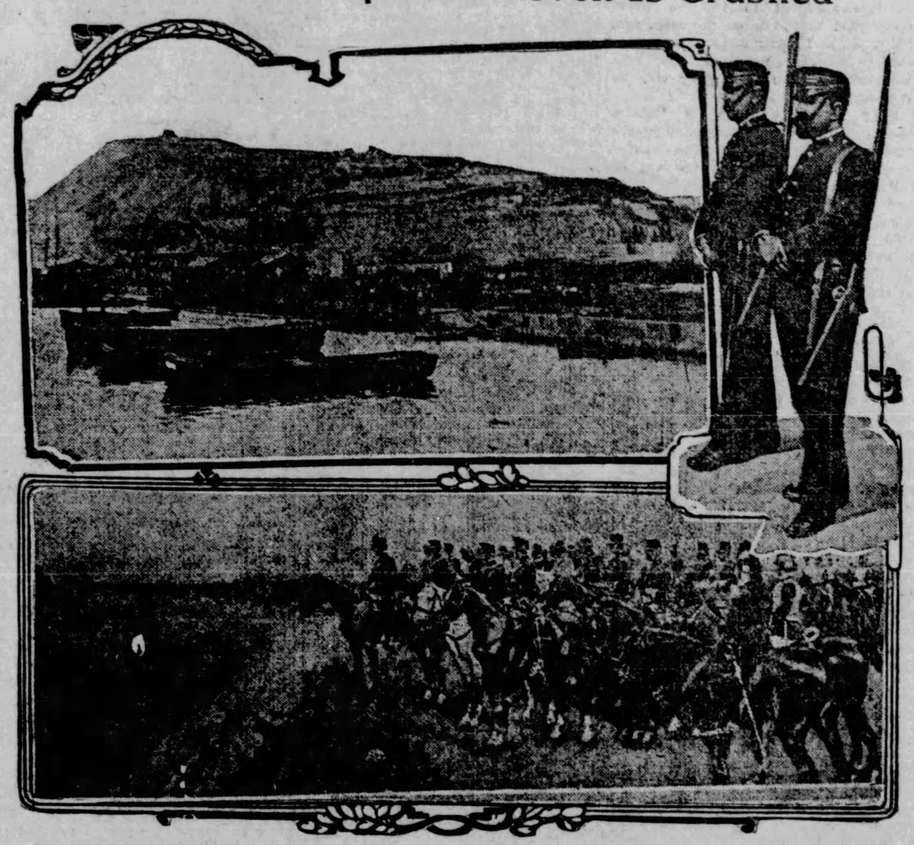
"The name?" Warrington rose impatiently. Nobody likes to have his dreams disturbed.

"Miss Challoner, sir."

"Challoner!" in surprise; "and this time of night?" He stroked his chin. A moment passed. Not that he hesitated to admit her; rather he wished to make a final analysis of his heart before his eyes fell down to worship her beauty. "Admit her at once." He brushed the ashes from his jacket and smoothed his hair. The valet disappeared. "If I only loved the woman, loved her honestly, boldly, fearlessly, what a difference it would make! I don't love her, and I realize that I never did. She never touched my heart, only my eye and mind. I may be incapable of loving anyone; perhaps that's it. But what can have possessed her to leave the theatre this time of night?"

(To Be Continued.)

Scene Where Spanish Revolt Is Crushed



At the upper left hand side is a view of the harbor of Barcelona, where the people rose in a furious insurrection. At the right is a type of the Spanish soldiers who ruthlessly crushed the revolution. In the bottom picture King Alfonso is shown receiving a large body of Spanish troops.

WASTE WOOD DECREASING

The waste wood heap continues to diminish and pass away.

A Massachusetts manufacturer of brushes recently made a discovery in Maine which supplied him with material exactly suited to his purpose. He went to the Pine Tree state to buy wood for the backs of hair brushes and the handles of shaving brushes, and chanced to visit the yards of a spool maker, who was using white birch. The spool man took the white part of the wood only, and was throwing away the red hearts. Thousands of cords had been burned or dumped in the lake to be rid of it.

The red hearts were exactly what the brush maker wanted, and at little more than the expense of freight he supplied his factory.

This is typical of the trend of manufacturing. Waste of wood is still great, but it is decreasing. What one factory can not use, another turns to profit. Formerly mills threw away half the forest—tops left in the woods, sawdust dumped in streams to pollute them and destroy fish, slabs burned in perpetual bonfires, and defective logs and low grade lumber abandoned as not worth moving.

This policy does not generally prevail now. Some mills have put in machinery to work up their own by-products, others sell their waste to manufacturers who can use it, as in the case cited in Maine. The properties and uses of woods are now subjects of careful investigation, and the problem of turning to account the odds and ends and the by-products is brought more to the front now than formerly.

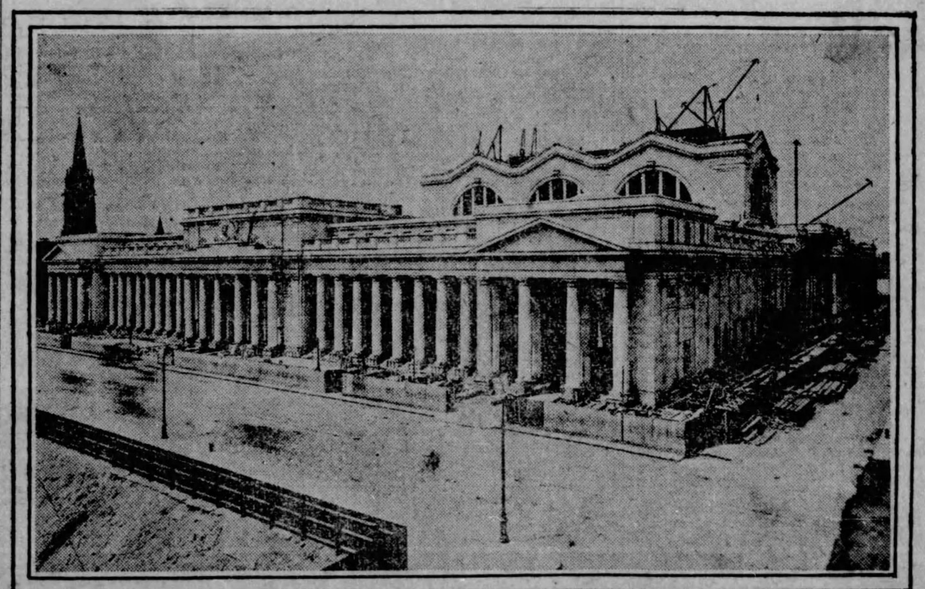
The United States forest service has taken up this study in a comprehensive and systematic way. Investigations of the woods of particular states are being conducted, usually in cooperation with the states concerned. The plan, when fully carried out, will include every commercial wood in the United States, not fewer than 200 species. The properties of each will be investigated, its hardness, toughness, elasticity, durability, weight, fuel value, size of tree, regions where grown, the common names by which it is known in different localities, and other matters of this kind. A history of the wood's uses in the past will be given, and an account of present uses; together with suggestions for a wider range of usefulness in the future by pointing out in what capacities it will serve best and be most valuable.

550,000 CUBIC FEET OF GRANITE USED HERE

The Pennsylvania last Saturday placed in position the last piece of stone in the exterior of its new station in New York city. This involved the completion of stone work enclosing some eight acres of ground, and marks a most important step in the further progress of this undertaking.

To enclose this vast area has necessitated the building of exterior walls aggregating 2,458 feet—nearly half a mile—in length, and has required 490,000 cubic feet of pink granite. In addition, there have been utilized inside the concourse 60,000 cubic feet of stone. A total of 550,000 cubic feet of granite have thus been utilized in the construction and ornamentation of this building. It took 1,140 freight cars to transport these 47,000 tons of stone from Milford, Mass.

In addition to the granite, the construction of this building has called for the use of 27,000 tons of steel. There have also been set in place some 15,000,000 bricks, weighing a total of 48,000 tons. The first stone of the masonry work on the building was laid June 15, 1908. The entire masonry was thus completed in approximately thirteen months after the work was begun.



NEW STATION BEING BUILT BY THE PENNSYLVANIA IN NEW YORK.

BILLION AND A HALF YEARLY LOST TO U. S.

the people of this country are an- throwing away a sum of money presents 50 per cent more than it o operate the government—in cold a billion and a half—is statistical- n in Prof. Irving Fisher's new ssued by the government printing nd entitled A Report on National

Fisher is a member of the faculty university and a member of the conservation commission ap- by Theodore Roosevelt. He is member of the committee of one on national health. During the years Prof. Fisher has been col- the material that forms this im- work, and which is now, for the me, made public.

connection of national waste in rof. Fisher shows that there are illion persons needlessly and con- ly ill in the United States, and s condition might well be prevent- ight attention to even the simplest hygienic measures. He shows, also, that tuberculosis alone is responsible for 500,000 persons continually ill, and that it is entirely possible that this scourge be wiped out within one generation. Typhoid alone costs the country $350,000,000, and this is a disease that can wholly wiped out by attention to neglected details. In support of this statement, and showing what can be done in an individual instance, the author cites the case of the city of Lawrence, Mass., which, by the introduction of a new water supply, reduced this typhoid mortality by over 80 per cent.

It is shown by carefully gathered data that malaria costs the country $100,000,000, and that this is wholly preventable, as instanced by the action of several cities that undertook, with successful issue, the elimination of the malaria mosquito.

Prof. Fisher also shows that our present wasteful policy is easily remediable, and cites Prof. T. S. Lambart, who, in his Sources of Longevity, stated "That it costs no more to 'raise' a man capable of living for 80 years than it does to 'grow' one who has not the capacity of living to be 40 years old."

The subject of eugenics, or marriage selection, is also discussed at length, and instances of the beneficial effects of the operation of the law in Indiana are startlingly shown, it being stated that by this law no fewer than 800 persons who were shown to be incurable of confirmed degenerate tendencies had been sterilized. In support of the efficacy of this law, the author takes up the history of two criminal families, the "Jukes" and "The House of Ishmael," and shows that the former, out of 1,200 descendants in 75 years, furnished 557 criminals, who spent an aggregate of 2,300 years in jails and poorhouses.

Prof Fisher says:

"The gain or lengthening and strengthening of the life which it measures can be secured through medical investigation and practice, restriction of the labor of women and children, the education of both public and private hygine, and through improving the efficiency of our municipal, state and national health service."

The Wild Geese

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN

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CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"Give me your knife," he said, with a groan, "and hold her hands! We must silence her, and there is only one way!"

The man, terrified as he was, and selfish as terrified men are, recoiled from the deed. "My God!" he said. "No!"

"Yes!" Colonel John retorted fiercely. "The knife!—the knife, man! And do you hold her hands!"

With a jerk he lifted her face from his breast—and this time she neither struck him nor screamed. The man had half-heartedly drawn his knife. The Colonel snatched it from him. "Now her hands!" he said. "Hold her fool! I know where to strike!"

She opened her mouth to shriek, but no sound came. She had heard, she understood; and for a moment she could neither struggle nor cry. That terror which rage and an almost indomitable spirit had kept at bay seized her; the sight of the gleaming death poised above her paralyzed her throat. Her mouth gaped, her eyes glared at the steel; then, with a queer sobbing sound, she fainted.

"Thank God," the Colonel cried. He thrust the knife back into the man's hands and, raising the girl again in his arms. There's a house a little below," he said. "We can leave her there! Hurry, man!—hurry!"

He had not traversed that road for twenty years, but his memory had not tricked him. Less than fifty paces below they came on a cabin, close to the foot of the waterfall. The door was not fastened—for what, in such a place was there to steal?—and Colonel John thrust it open with his foot. The interior was dark, the place was almost windowless; but he made out the form of and old crone who, nursing her knees, crouched with a pipe in her mouth beside a handful of peat. Seeing him the woman tottered to her feet with a cry of alarm, and shaded her bleared eyes from the inrush of daylight. She gabbled shrilly, but she knew only Erse, and Colonel John attempted no explanation.

"The lady of the house," he said, in that tongue. And he laid Flavia, not ungently, but very quickly, on the floor. He turned about without another word, shut the door on the two and hurried along the path at the full stretch of his legs. In half a minute he had overtaken his companion and the two pressed on together on the heels of the main party.

The old beldame, left alone with the girl, viewed her with an astonishment which would have been greater if she had not reached that age at which all sensations become dulled. How the Lady of the House, who was to her both Power and Providence, came to be there, and there in that state, passed her conception. But she had the sense to loosen the girl's frock at the neck, to throw water on her face and to beat her hands. In a very few minutes Flavia, who had never swooned before—fashionable as the exercise was at this period in feminine society—sighed once or twice and came to herself.

"Where am I?" she muttered. Still for some moments she continued to look about her in a dazed way. At length she recognized the old woman and the cottage. Then she remembered, with a moan, what had happened—the ambuscade, the flight, the knife.

She could not turn whiter, but she shuddered and closed her eyes. At last, with shrinking, she looked at her dress. "Am I—hurt?" she whispered.

The old woman did not understand, but she patted Flavia's hand. Meanwhile the girl saw that there was no blood on her dress and she found courage to raise her hand to her throat, She found no wound. At that she smiled faintly. Then she began to cry—for she was a woman.

But broken as she was by that moment of terror, Flavia very quickly overcame her weakness. She rose, she understood and she extended her arms in rage and grief and unavailing passion.

She would that the villains had killed her! She would that they had finished her life! Why should she survive, except for vengeance? For not only were her hopes for Ireland fallen, not only were those who had trusted themselves to The McMurrough perishing even now in the hands of ruthless foes, but her brother, whom her prayers, her influence, had brought into this path, he, too, was snared. Of his fate also there could be no doubt!

She felt all that was most keen, most poignant, of grief, of anger, of indignation. But the sharpest pang of all—had she analyzed her feelings—was inflicted by the consciousness of failure, and of failure verging on the ignominious. The mature take good and evil fortune as they come, but to fail at first setting out in life, to be outwitted in the opening veture, is a mishap which sours the magnanimous and poisons young blood.

She had not known before what it was to hate. Now she only lived to hate; to hate the man who had shown himself so much cleverer than her friends, who, in a twinkling, and by a single blow, had wrecked her plans, duped her allies, betrayed her brother, made her name a laughing stock, robbed Ireland of a last chance of freedom! Who had held her in his arms, terrified her, mastered her! Oh, why had she swooned? Why had she not rather, disregarding her womanish weakness, her womanish fears, snatched the knife from him and plunged it into his treacherous breast?

CHAPTER XIV.

The Colonel's Terms.

Cammock and the Bishop, certain only that they were in hostile hands, and hurried, blind and helpless, to an unknown doom, might have been pardoned if they succumbed to despair. But they did not succumb. The habit of danger, and a hundred adventures and escapes, had hardened them; they felt more rage than fear. Stunned for a moment by the audacity of the attack, they had not been dragged a hundred yards before they began to calculate the chances. If the purpose of those into whose hands they had fallen were to murder them they would have been piked on the spot. On the other hand, if their captors' object was to deliver them to English justice, weeks, if not months, must elapse before they stood at the bar on a capital charge; much water must flow under the bridges, and many a thing might happen, by force or fraud, in the interval.

So, half stifled and bitterly chagrined as they were, they did not waste their strength in a vain resistance.

With the third of the prisoners it was otherwise. The courage of the Irish is more conspicuous in the advance than in the retreat; and even of that joy in the conflict, which is their birthright and their fame, Flavia had taken more than her woman's share. In James McMurrough's mean nature there was small room for the generous passions. Unlike his sister, he would have struck the face of no man in whose power he lay; nor was he one to keep a stout heart when his hands were bound. Conscience does not always make cowards. But he knew into whose hands he had fallen, he knew the fate to which he had himself consigned Colonel John, and his heart was water, his hair rose, as he pictured in livid hues the fate that now awaited him.

As he had meant to do to the other, it would be done to him! He felt the cruel pike rend his gasping throat. Or would they throw him, bound and blind as he was, into the sullen lake—yes, that was it! They were carrying him that way, they were taking him to the lake.

And once or twice, in the insanity of fear, he fought with his bonds until the blood came, even throwing himself down, until the men, out of patience, pricked him savagely, and drove him, venting choked cries of pain, to his feet again. After the second attempt he staggered on, beaten, hopeless.

He was aware that Colonel John was not with them, and then, again, that he was with them; and then—they were on the wide track now between the end of the lake and the sea—that they were proceeding with increased caution. That might have given a braver man hope, the hope of rescue.

But rescue had itself terrors for The McMurrough. His captors, if pressed, might hasten the end, or his friends might strike him in the melee. And so, with every furlong of the forced journey, he died a fresh death. And the furlongs seemed interminable. But at last he heard the fall of the waves on the shore, the men about him spoke louder, he caught a distant hail. Laughter and exclamations of triumph reached him, and the voices of men who had won in spite of odds.

Then a boat grated on the pebbles, he was litfed into it and thrust down in the bottom. He felt it float off, and heard the measured sound of the oars in the tholepins. A few moments elapsed, the sound of the oars ceased, the boat bumped something. He was raised to his feet, his hands were unbound, he was set on a rope ladder and bidden to climb. Obeying with shaking knees, he was led across what he guessed to be a deck, and down steep stairs. Then his head was freed from the sack, and, sweating, dishevelled, pale with exhaustion and fear, he looked about him.

The fog was still thick outside, turning day into twilight, and the cabin lamp had been lit and swung above the narrow table, filling the low browed, Dutchlike interior with a strong but shifting light. Behind the table Colonel John and the skipper leant against a bulkhead; before them, on the nearer side of the table, were ranged the three captives. Behind these, again, the dark, grinning faces of the sailors, with their tarred pigtails and flashing eyes, filled the doorway; and, beyond doubt, viewed under the uncertain light of the lamp, they showed a wild and savage crew. As James McMurrough looked, his hopes, which had risen during the last few minutes, sank. Escape, or chance of escape, there was none. He was helpless, and what those into whose hands he had fallen determined, he must suffer. For a moment his heart stood still, his mouth gaped, he swayed on his feet. Then he clutched the table and steadied himself.

"I am—giddy," he muttered.

"I am sorry that you have been put to so much inconvenience," Colonel John answered, civily.

The words, the tone, might have reassured him if he had not suspected a devilish irony. Even when Colonel John proceeded to direct one of the men to open a port hole and admit more air he derived no comfort from the attention. But steady! Colonel John was speaking again.

"You, too, gentlemen," he said, addressing Cammock and the bishop. "I am sorry that I have been forced to put you to so much discomfort. But I saw no other way of effecting my purpose. And," he went on with a smile, "if you ask my warrants for acting as I have acted——"

"I do!" the bishop said between his teeth. The admiral said nothing, but breathed hard.

"Then I can only vouch," the Colonel answered, "the authority by virtue of which you seized me yesterday. I give you credit, reverend father, and you, admiral, for a belief that in creating a rising here you were serving a cause which you think worthy of sacrifice—the sacrifice of others as well as of yourselves. But I tell you, as frankly, I feel it my duty to prevent that rising; and for the moment fortune is with me. Now I need hardly say," Colonel John continued, with an appearance almost of bonhomie, "that I do not wish to go further than is necessary. I might hand you over to the English authorities. But far be it from me to do that! I would have no man's blood on my hands. And though I say at once I would not shrink were there no other way of saving innocent lives, from sending you to the scaffold——"

"A thousand thanks to you!" the bishop said. But, brave man as he was, the irony in his voice masked relief; and not then, but a moment later, he passed his handkerchief across his brow. Cammock said nothing, but the angry, bloodshot eyes which he fixed on the Colonel lost a little of their ferocity.

"I say, I would not shrink from doing that," Colonel John continued mildly, "were it necessary. Fortunately for us all, it is not necessary. I must provide against your immediate return. I must see that the movement which will die in your absence is not revived by any word from you. To that end, gentlemen, I must put you to the inconvenience of a prolonged sea voyage."

"If I could speak with you in private?" the bishop said.

"You will have every opportunity," Colonel John answered, smiling, "of speaking to Captain Augustin in private."

"Still, sir, if I could see you alone I think I could convince you——"

"You shall have every opportunity of convincing Captain Augustin," Colonel John returned, smiling more broadly, "and of convincing him by the same means which I venture to think, reverend sir, you would employ with me. To be plain, he will take you to sea for a certain period and at the end of that time, if your arguments are sufficiently weighty, he will land you on the French shore. He will be at the loss of his cargo, and that loss, I fear, you will have to make good. Something, too he may charge by way of interest, and for your passage." By this time the sailors were on the broad grin. "A trifle, perhaps, for landing dues. But I have spoken with him to be moderate and I doubt not that within a few weeks you, Admiral Cammock, will be with your

command, and the reverend father will be pursuing his calling in another place."

For a moment there was silence, save for a titter from the group of seamen. Then Cammock laughed—a curt, barking laugh. "A bite," he said. "If ever I can repay it, sir, I will! Be sure of that!"

Colonel John bowed courteously.

The bishop took it otherwise. The veins on his forehead swelled and he had much ado to control himself. The truth was he feared ridicule more than he feared danger, perhaps more than he feared death; and such an end to such an enterprise was hard to bear.

"Is there no alternative?" he asked, barely able to speak for the chagrin that took him by the throat.

"One, if you prefer it," Colonel Sullivan answered suavely. "You can take your chance with the English authorities. For myself, I lean to the course I have suggested."

"If money were paid down—now? Now, sir?"

"It would not avail."

"Much money?"

"No."

The bishop glared at him for a few seconds. Then his face relaxed, his eyes grew mild, his chin sank on his breast. His fingers drummed on the table. "His will be done!" he said. "His will be done! I was not worthy."

His surrender seemed to sting Cammock. Perhaps in the course of their joint adventures he had come to know and to respect his companion, and felt more for him than for himself.

"If I had you on my quarter deck for only half an hour," he growled, "I would learn who was the better man! Ah, my man, I would!"

"The doubt flatters me," Colonel John answered, viewing them both with great respect; for he saw that, bad or good, they were men. "Then, that being settled," he continued, "I shall ask you, gentlemen, to go on deck for a few moments, that I may say a word to my kinsman."

"He is not to go with us?"

"That remains to be seen," Colonel John replied, a note of sternness in his voice. Still they hesitated and he stood; but at last, in obedience to his courteous gesture, they bowed, turned—with a deep sigh on the bishop's part—and clambered up the companion. The seamen had already vanished at a word from Augustin, who himself proceeded to follow his prisoners on deck.

"Sit down!" Colonel Sullivan said, the same sternness in his voice. And he sat down on his side of the table, while James McMurrough, with a sullen look but a beating heart, took his seat on the other. The fear of immediate death had left the young man; he tried to put on an air of bravado, but with so little success that if his sister had seen him thus she had been blind indeed if she had not discerned between these two men seated opposite to one another the difference that exists between the great and the small, the strong and the infirm of purpose.

It was significant of that difference that the one was silent at will, while the other spoke because he had not the force to be silent.

"What are you wanting with me?" the young man asked.

"Is it not you," Colonel John answered, with a piercing look, "will be wanting to know where O'Sullivan Og is—O'Sullivan Og, whom you sent to do your bidding this morning?"

The young man turned a shade paler and his bravado fell from him. His breath seemed to stop. Then, "Where?" he whispered, "where is he?"

"Where I pray heaven," Colonel John answered, with the same solemnity, "may have mercy upon him."

"He is not dead?" The McMurrough cried, his voice rising on the last word.

"I have little doubt he is" the colonel replied. "Dead, sir. And the men who were with him—dead also, or the most part of them. Dead, James McMurrough, on the errand they went for you."

The shock of the news struck the young man dumb, and for some moments he stared at the colonel, his face colorless. At length, "All dead!" he whispered. "Not all!"

"For what I know," Colonel John replied. "Heaven forgive them!" And in half a dozen sentences he told him what had happened. Then, "They are the first fruits," he continued sternly. "God grant that they be the last fruits of this reckless plot! Not that I blame them, who did but as they were bid. Nor do I blame any man or any woman who embarked on this with a single heart, for the sake to an end which they set above their own lives. But—but—" and Colonel John's voice grew more grave—"there was one who had not a single heart. There was one who was willing to do murder, not in blind obedience, nor for a great cause, but to serve his own private interest."

"No! No!" the young man cried cowering before him. "It is not true!"

"One who was ready to do murder," Colonel John continued pitilessly, "because it suited him to remove a man!"

"No! No!" the wretched youth cried, almost groveling before him. "It was all of them!—it was all!"

"It was not all!" Colonel John retorted; but there was a keenness in his face which showed that he had still something to learn.

"It was—those two—on deck!" The McMurrough cried eagerly. "I swear it was. They said—it was necessary."

"They were one with you in condemning! Be it so! I believe you! But who spared?"

"I!" The McMurrough cried, breathlessly, eager to exculpate himself. "It was I alone. I! I swear it! I sent the boy!"

"You spared! Yes, and you alone!" the Colonel made answer. "You spared because you learned that I had made a will, and you feared lest that which had passed to me in trust might pass to a stranger for good and all! You spared because it was to your interest, your advantage! I say, out of your own mouth you are condemned."

James McMurrough had scarcely force to follow the pitiless reasoning by which the older man convicted him. But his conscience filled the hiatus, and what his tongue did not own his colorless face, his terrified eyes, confessed.

"You have fallen into our hands," Colonel John continued, grave as fate. "Why should we not deal with you as you would have dealt with us? No!"—the young man by a gesture had appealed to those on deck—"no! They may have consented to my death; but as the judge condemns, or the soldier kills; you, for private profit and advantage. Nevertheless, I shall not deal with you so. You can go as they are going—abroad, to return, I hope, a wiser man. Or—"

"Or—what?" the young man cried hurriedly.

"Or you can stay here," Colonel John continued, "and we will treat the past as if it had not been. But on a condition."

James' color came back. "What'll you be wanting?" he muttered, averting his gaze.

"You must swear that you will not pursue this foolish plan further. That first."

"What can I be doing without them?" was the sullen answer.

"Very true," Colonel John rejoined. "But you must swear, also, my friend, that you will not attempt anything against me, nor be party to anything."

"What'd I be doing?"

"Don't lie!" the Colonel replied, losing his temper for a single instant. "I've no time to bandy words, and you know how you stand. Swear on your hope of salvation to those two things, and you may stay. Refuse, and I make myself safe by your absence."

The young man had the sense to know that he was escaping lightly. He was willing enough to swear that he would not pursue that enterprise further. But the second undertaking stuck in his gizzard. He hated Colonel John—for the past wrong, for the past defeat, above all for the present humiliation."

"I'm having no choice," he said, shrugging his shoulders.

"Very good," Colonel John answered curtly. And going to the door he called Bale from his station by the hatchway, and dispatched him to the Bishop and to Admiral Cammock, requiring them to do him the honor to descend.

They came quickly enough, in the hope of some favorable turn. But the Colonel's words quickly set them right.

"Gentlemen," he said politely, "I know you to be men of honor in private. For this reason I have asked you to be present as witnesses to the bargain between my cousin and myself. Blood is thicker than water; he has no mind to go abroad, and I have no mind to send him against his will. But his presence, after what has passed, is a standing peril to myself. To meet this difficulty he is ready to swear by all he holds sacred and upon his honor, that he will attempt nothing against me, nor be a party to it. Is that so, sir?" the speaker continued. "Do you willingly, in the presence of these gentlemen, give that undertaking?"

The young man, with averted eyes and a downcast face, nodded.

"I am afraid I must trouble you to speak," Colonel John said.

"I do," he muttered, looking at no one.

"Further, that you will not within six months attempt anything against the government?" Colonel John continued.

"I will not."

"Very good. I accept your word, and I thank these gentlemen for their courtesy in condescending to act as witnesses. Admiral Cammock and you, reverend father," Colonel John continued, "it remains but to bid you farewell, and to ask you to believe"—the Colonel paused—"that I have not pushed further than was necessary the advantage I have gained."

"By a neat stroke, Colonel Sullivan," the Bishop replied, with a rather sour smile, "not to say a bold one. But one, I'd have you notice, that cannot be repeated."

"Maybe not," the Colonel answered. "I am content to think that for some time to come I have transferred your operations, gentlemen, to a sphere where I am not concerned for the lives of the people."

"There are things more precious than lives," the Bishop said.

"I admit it. More by token I'm blaming you little—only you see, sir, I differ. That is all."

With that Colonel Sullivan bowed and left the cabin, and The McMurrough, who had listened to the colloquy with the air of a whipped hound, slunk after him. On deck the Colonel and Augustin talked apart for a moment, then the former signed to the young man to go down into the boat which lay alongside, with a couple of men at the oars and Bale seated in the sternsheets.

After the lapse of a minute or two Colonel John joined him and the rowers pushed off, while Augustin and the crew leaned over the rail to see them go and to send after them a torrent of voluble good wishes. A very few strokes of the oars brought the passengers to land.

Bale stayed to exchange a few words with the seamen while Colonel John and The McMurrough set off along the beach. And astonishment filled the young man and grew as they walked. Did Colonel John, after all that had happened, mean to return to Morristown?—to establish himself calmly—he alone—in the midst of the conspirators whose leaders he had removed?

It seemed incredible! For though he, James McMurrough, thirst for revenge as he might, was muzzled by his oath, what of the others?

Still the Colonel walked on by his side. And now they were in sight of Skull—of the old tower and the house by the jetty, looming large through the dripping mist. At last Colonel John spoke.

"It was fortunate that I made my will as I came through Paris," he said.

CHAPTER XV.

Femina Furens.

Colonel John had run little risk of being wrong in taking for granted that the meeting at the Carraghalin, mysteriously robbed of the chiefs from over the seas, would disperse; either amid the peals of Homeric laughter that in Ireland greet a monster jest; or, in sadder mood, cursing the detested Saxon for one more added to the many wrongs of a downtrodden land.

Had Flavia escaped, her courage and enthusiasm might have supported the spirits of the assemblage and kept it together. But Uncle Ulick had not the force to do this; much less had old Timothy Burke or Sir Donny.

Their views were more singular than cheerful.

"Very like," Sir Donny said, with a fallen underlip, "the ould earth's opened her mouth and swallowed them. She's tired, small blame to her, with all the heretics burdening her and tormenting her."

"Whisht, man!" the other answered. "Be easy; you're forgetting one's a bishop. Small chance of the devil's tackling him, and like enough the holy water and all ready to his hand!"

"Then I'm not knowing what it is," the first pronounced, hopelessly.

"There you speak the truth, Sir Donny," Tim Burke answered. "Is it they can be losing their way in the least taste of fog there is, do you think?"

"And the young lady knowing the path so that she'd be walking it blindfold in the dark!"

"I'm fearing, then, it will be the garr'son from Tralee," was Uncle Ulick's contribution. "The saints be between us and them, and grant we'll not be seeing more of them than we like, and sooner!"

"Amen to that same," replied old Timothy Burke, with an uneasy look behind him.

There was nothing comforting in this. The messengers sent to learn why the expected party did not arrive had as little cheer to give, they could learn nothing. An hour went by, a second and part of a third; messengers departed and came, and presently something like the truth got abroad. Still the greater part of the assemblage, with Irish patience, remained seated in ranks on the slope of the hills, the women with their druggets shawls drawn over their heads, the men with their frieze coats hanging loose about them.

But a time came, about high noon, when the assemblage—and the fog—began at last to melt. Sir Donny was gone, and old Tim Burke, of Maamtrasna. They had slipped homeward by little known tracks across tthe peat bogs; and, the spirit all gone out of them, had turned their minds to oaths and alibis. They had been in trouble before, and were taken to know; and their departure sapped the O'Beirnes' resolution, whose uneasy faces as they talked together spread the contagion. An hour after Sir Donny had slipped away, the movement which might have meant so much to so many was spent. The slopes about Carraghalin had returned to their wonted solitude; where hundreds had sat a short hour before the eagle hovered, the fox turned his head and scented the wind.

Doubtless in the minds of some a secret thankfulness that, after all, they were not required to take the leap relieved the disappointment. They were well out of an ugly scrape, well clear of the shadow of the gallows—always supposing that no informer appeared. It might even be the hand of Providence that had removed their leaders and held them back. They might think themselves happy to be quite out of it for the fright.

But there was one who found no such consolation, to whom the issue was pure loss, a shameful defeat, the end of hopes, the defeat of prayers that had never risen to heaven more purely than that morning.

Flavia sat with her eyes on the dead peat that cumbered the hearth and in a stupor of misery refused to be comforted. Of her plans, of her devotion, of her lofty resolves, this was the result. She had aspired, honestly and earnestly, for her race downtrodden and her faith despised, and this was the bitter fruit. Nor was it only the girl's devotion to her country and to her faith that lay sore wounded; her vanity suffered, and perhaps more keenly.

The enterprise that was to have glorified the name of McMurrough, that was to have raised that fallen race, that was to have made that distant province blessed among the provinces of Ireland, had come to an end, derisive and contemptible, before it was born. Her spirit, fearing, before all things, ridicule, dashed itself against the dreadful fact. She could hardly realize that the cup was no longer at her lip.

But she looked from the window; and, lo, the courtyard which had hummed and seethed was dead and silent. In one corner a knot of men were carrying out the arms and powder, and were preparing to bury them. In another a woman—it was O'Sullivan Og's widow—sat weeping.

"You must kill him!" she cried, with livid cheeks and blazing eyes. "If you do not, I will!"

Uncle Ulick, who beyond doubt was one of those who felt more relief than disappointment, stretched his legs uneasily. He longed to comfort her, but he did not know what to say.

"You must kill him!" she repeated.

"We'll talk of that," he said, "when we see him."

"You must kill him!" the girl repeated passionately. "Or I will! If you are a man, if you are an Irishman, if you are a Sullivan, kill him, the shame of your race! Or I will!"

"If he had been on our side," Uncle Ulick answered soberly, "instead of against us, I'm thinking we should have done better."

The girl drew in her breath sharply, pierced to the quick by the thought. Simultaneously the big man started, but for another reason. His eyes were on the window, and they saw a sight which his mind declined to believe. Two men had entered the courtyard—had entered with astonishing, with petrifying nonchalance, as it seemed to him. For the first was Colonel Sullivan. The second—but the second slunk at the heels of the first with a hangdog air—was James McMurrough.

Fortunately Flavia, whose eyes were glooming on the cold hearth, had her back to the casement. Uncle Ulick rose. His thoughts came with a shock against the possibility that Colonel Jack had the garrison of Tralee at his back. But, although The McMurrough had all the appearance of a prisoner, Ulick thrust away the notion as soon as it occurred. To clear his mind, he looked to see how the men engaged in getting out the powder were taking it. They had ceased to work, and were staring with all their eyes. Something in their bearing told Uncle Ulick that the notion which had occurred to him had occurred to them and that they were prepared to run at the least alarm.

"His blood be on his own head!" he muttered. But he did not say it in the tone of a man who meant it.

"Amen!" she cried. The words fell in with her thoughts.

By this time Colonel Sullivan was within four paces of the door. In a handturn he would be in the room, he would be actually in the girl's presence—and Uncle Ulick shrank from the scene which must follow. Colonel John was, indeed, and plainly, running on his fate. Already the O'Beirnes, awakening from their trance of astonishment, were closing in behind him with grim faces; and short of the garrison of Tralee the big man saw no help for him; well-nigh—so strongly did even he feel on the matter—he desired none. But Flavia must have no part in it. Let the girl be clear of it!

The big man took two steps to the door, opened it, slipped through, and closed it behind him. His breast as good as touched that of Colonel Sullivan, who was on the threshold. Behind the colonel was James McMurrough; behind James were the two O'Beirnes and two others, of whose object, as they cut off the colonel's retreat, no man who saw their faces could doubt.

For once, in view of the worse things that might happen in the house, Ulick was firm. "You can't come in!" he said, his face pale and frowning. He had no word of greeting for the colonel. "You can't come in!" he repeated staring straight at him.

The colonel turned and saw the four men with arms in their hands spreading out behind him. He understood. "You had better let me in," he said gently. "James will talk to them."

"James——"

"You had better speak to them," Colonel John continued, addressing his companion. "And you, Ulick——"

"You can't come in," Ulick repeated grimly.

James McMurrough interposed in his harshest tone. "An end to this!" he cried. "Who are you to bar the door, Ulick! And you, Phelim and Morty, be easy a minute till you hear me speak."

Ulick still barred the way. "James," he said, in a voice little above a whisper, "you don't know——"

"I know enough!" The McMurrough answered violently. It went sadly against the grain with him to shield his enemy but so it must be. "Curse you, let him in!" he continued, fiercely; they were making his task more hard for him. "And have a care of him," he added anxiously. "Do you hear? Have a care of him!"

Uncle Ulick made a last feeble attempt. "But Flavia," he said, "Flavia is there and——"

"Curse the girl!" James answered. "Get out of the road and let the man in! Is this my house or yours?"

Ulick yielded, as he had yielded so often before. He stood aside. Colonel John opened the door and entered.

The rest happened so quickly that no movement on his part could have saved him. Flavia had heard their voices in altercation—it might be half a minute, it might be a few seconds before. She had risen to her feet, she had recognized the voice of one of the speakers—he had spoken once only, but that was enough—she had snatched up the naked sword that since the previous morning had leaned in the chimney corner. As Colonel John crossed the threshold—oh, dastardly audacity, oh insolence incredible, that in the hour of his triumph he should soil that threshold!—she lunged with all her force of her strong young arm at his heart with such violence that the hilt struck his breast and hurled him bodily against the doorpost, while the blade broke off, shivered by contact with the hard wood.

(To Be Continued.)

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WEEK OF CARNIVAL EVENTS IN TOLEDO

"Toledo for King Wamba, and King Wamba for Toledo."

This is the cry, not only in Toledo, but all over this country today. We are on the eve of a great civic event.

Last September Mr. G. B. Storer, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, conceived the idea of holding a summer carnival to let the world know that Toledo is on the map, and had more and better advantages to offer merchants, manufacturers and homeseekers than any other city in this country.

King Wamba's reign in Toledo, Spain, more than a thousand years ago, is still referred to as "the days of good King Wamba, and the era of wisdom and justice." Knowing this, and that the ancient king had done more to build up and improve old Toledo than any other monarch, Mr. Storer decided it should be a "Wamba carnival." Before presenting his idea to the other members of the Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Storer wrote a sketch of the life of King Wamba. From this sketch we learn that Wamba was a contented farmer, plowing his field, far from the gates of the city, when he was approached one morning by a gay company of knights, nobles and soldiers. To his great astonishment they halted by his side and commanded that he leave his plow and change his ox goad for the scepter of Spain. Indignant, thinking they made sport of him, Wamba demanded an explanation. The military chief replied: "King Recesvinthus is dead. Inspired by heaven, Pope St. Leo bade us search in the fields for a man named Wamba, who would be plowing with a white and gray ox, and to declare this man king. Our search is over."

"Not until this dry goad grows green again," replied Wamba, "will I be king of Spain." Immediately the goad was clothed with fresh green leaves. Wamba would have still refused to accept the crown, but the soldiers threatened to take his life if he did not, and he was forced to submit. Accordingly he and his wife were escorted to Toledo, then the capital of Spain, and were crowned with great magnificence.

Although so loath to reign, King Wamba made a wise and noble monarch. He crushed rebellions, acquired new territory, rebuilt and fortified the city and enriched the country in many ways. After serving for seven years, Wamba retired to a monastery, beloved by all his subjects, and here ended his days in peace.

It was a happy thought to build the carnival of our modern city of Toledo around the quaint story of this old Spanish king, for it affords innumerable opportunities for picturesque costumes, gorgeous floats and many unique features which will help us to step out of this prosaic 20th century back to the romantic time of King Wamba. The members of the Chamber of Commerce, to whom Mr. Storer read his story and outlined his plans, were immediately enthusiastically in favor of Toledo having a summer carnival.

September 19 The Blade printed the sketch, as written by Mr. Storer, in full. Since that until the present the work has been steadily going on. Meetings of the members of the Chamber of Commerce, ward and precinct officials and large numbers of citizens have been held since early in March to plan the work of raising money and all other details necessary to make this Wamba Carnival an assured success. Mr. A. L. Spitzer, director general of the carnival, has appointed the chairman of the following committees:

George S. Mills, committee on King's grand float pageant; George W. Stevens and Theo. McManus on receiving the king and queen; Commodore Richardson, committee on naval parade; David T. Davies and Chris Wall, committee on civil, military and industrial parades; Chris Wall and D. T. Davies committee on the plaza; Robert Hixon, committee on the automobile parade; Sol Lasalle, committee on the industrial floats; George W. Stevens, committee on publicity for this general committee: Theo. McManus, historian; Frank Suydam, secretary and chairman on music committee. The committee on the military, civil and industrial parades have secured General McMaken for the grand marshal of the day, also the assistance of Jack Newton and Holland C. Webster.

While these committees have been pushing the preparations for the carnival, the citizens' committee has been raising funds by public subscriptions and the sale of Wamba buttons, and the publicity committee has been advertising Toledo's Mardi Gras far and wide. It is estimated that no less than 100,000 people will come from other towns to see this mammoth show. What a week's entertainment! "Something doing every minute," seems to be the watchword of the Wamba carnival.

At 8 o'clock Monday morning, August 23, the opening of the Plaza will be announced in a novel manner. At that hour, out from the Arch of Triumph, which guards the entrance of the Plaza, will dash hundreds of horses, ridden by Indians; these will be followed by as many clowns, bareback riders and other members of the wild west show. A dozen bands will help to keep things lively. This is only a foretaste of what will be seen in the Plaza. Aside from Spellman's 22 celebrated shows there will be many free shows, including Rosie Wentworth, the famous bareback rider, a great Japanese casting act, tight rope walkers and a half dozen more.

On either side of the Plaza will be industrial exhibits, shows, and booths of all descriptions. Twenty bands will play here during the week. When nothing else is doing, if there should be such a minute during carnival, there will always be the gay and giddy Plaza.

On Tuesday afternoon King Wamba and Queen Sancha (whose identity, by the way, is a dark secret), will, with their suite of knights, ladies, soldiers, trumpeters and jesters, enter the city in triumph. They will come in their royal ship accompanied by a large fleet of pleasure craft, up the the river from the Toledo Yacht club, and the welcome they will receive when they land at the foot of Madison avenue, will be as an enthusiastic one as the cheers of loyal subjects, ringing of bells, blowing of steam whistles, playing of many bands, singing of a great chorus and a gayly decorated city can make it. After landing, the royal pair and their suit will be escorted by the King Wamba pageant to Collingwood and Jefferson avenues, where the coronation of their majesties will take place. This will be one of the most attractive events of the week. In the king's pageant will be splendid floats, knights and citizens of the seventh century, bands of music, clown and jesters. The coronation ceremonies will be elaborate. Many of the costumes, besides the king's and queen's, have been imported from Paris. The thrones will be so arranged on a raised rostrum that thousands of spectators will be able to obtain a good view.

Wednesday promises to be one of the most interesting days of the carnival. The Inter-Lake Yachting association has arranged for power and sail boat races on the river and bay in the afternoon, and in connection with these races will be swimming and diving contests, canoe races and other water sports. In the evening the great automobile parade will parade the streets. The majority of Toledo automobile owners and many from other towns have registered their machines, and will vie with each other in beautiful or grotesque decorations. Three silver cups will be awarded. All day Wednesday at Walbridge park the homecomers will be received and entertained.

General W. V. McMaken will have charge of affairs Thursday. He is to be one of the grand marshals of the civic and military parade, and no one who knows the general's past record will doubt that this parade will be one to remember. More than 150 societies, uniformed, will be in line, and there will be bands galore. The parade will start at 3 p. m.

Following the mounted police, clearing the way, will march forty heralds announcing to the multitude that the king and queen are approaching. After the heralds will ride the king's marshals and aides, and then the king's gorgeous float, in which will be seated King Wamba and Queen Sancha, and five ladies in waiting. This will lead the procession of fourteen other floats, all representing myth, fable of story the exact nature of which is still a secret. Each float will be drawn by four horses. Artists and mechanics have been at work on these floats for three months, and they are going to be beauties. Gay banner carriers will follow the floats. All along the line, at stated intervals, men bearing chemical lights will march, thus keeping the pageant in a continuous light. Ten bands will be scattered through the line. It will take 560 people to put this King Wamba pageant on the street.

Venetian Night.

In the evening, the most beautiful sight ever beheld in Toledo will be the river carnival. Five hundred boats, large and small, will be illumined by electric lights and flying American and Spanish colors, will move slowly up the river. Bands will play continuously. A wonderful display of fireworks will be given at Riverside park, while from all along the shore will go up Roman candes, rockets and fireworks of every kind. The whole bay and river will be a blaze of light and color.

Friday—To try to take in all there is doing on Friday would make watching the three rings at a circus seem child's play. Powerboat races on the river and sailboat races on the bay, both morning and afternoon. In the evening will occur the grand carnival pageant, headed by King Wamba. In this will be fifteen Toledo floats and many private ones. It will probably be the most pretentious pageant of the week, an honor to King Wamba.

Callithumpian Day is left for the last day of the carnival, Saturday, and it will be the grand finale of the week. Care must then be thrown to the winds, troubles forgotten. Men, women and children will appear in the streets and in the Plaza masked and wearing fantastic, grotesque or fancy costumes and having as much fun as the law allows. One will be apt to see a gay ballet dancer tripping along by the side of a monk, or, may be, a horrible monster, like Beauty and the Beast, a quaker and a clown will be the best of companions. An endless number of queer combinations will surely result from the many disguises. On every down town street corner there will be bands of music, acrobats, performing clowns and tightrope walkers.

Parties of from 2 to 50 are being formed to celebrate Callithumpian Day. They will mask and dress in costume and go in for all there is in it. From the small boy, always on the alert for mischief, to the sedate society young men and women, all will be well represented in the masked crowds of this gay day and night. Lively all the week, the streets and Plaza, Callithumpian Day will be a carnival in themselves.

For once everybody can have all the fun they want without wondering what the neighbors will think of it. Probably the neighbors will be going one better, unrecognized, behind mask and domino. The streets in the evening will look like a huge comic opera scene, the fun will be contagious, and it is safe to say that not even New Orelans, on the night of Shrove Tuesday, will rival the carnival spirit in Toledo Callithumpian night.

Round Towers of Ireland.

The round towers of Ireland are certain tall, slender circular towers of stone, found in various parts of that country. They are about 120 in number and vary in height from 100 to 120 feet. They were built between the ninth and twelfth centuries, and were doubtless for religious purposes, as they seem to have always been in the neighborhood of churches or monasteries. These round towers also served as places of refuge in times of danger, and, after the introduction of bells, were used as bell towers. Three similar towers are also found in Scotland, at Brechin, Albernethy and Eglishay in Orkney.

After the Show.

London Globe.

A well-dressed man, said to be an Englishman, has been arrested in Montmartre, Paris, on a charge of tendering bad half-sovereigns for dinners and entertainments. Which reminds us of the story about the touring company which has been doing very bad business in "the smalls." While the proprietor and sole responsible manger was standing outside the temporary theatre (the Corn Exchange) a very small boy with a very large melon arrived and proposed to barter the fruit for a seat in the gallery. The bargain was duly concluded, and the scene now changes to the interior of the theatre after the performance: "Boy," says the manager severely, "that melon was rotten." "That's all right," returns the youthful critic "so was yer show."

STICK TO IT

Until Coffee Hits You Hard.

It is about as well to advise people to stick to coffee until they get hit hard enough, so that they will never forget their experience, although it is rather unpleasant to have to look back to a half dozen years of invalidism, money and opportunity thrown away, which is really the terrible price paid for the weakest kind of a "mess of pottage."

A woman writes and her letter is condensed to give the facts in a short space:

"I was a coffee slave and stuck to it like a toper to his 'cups,' notwithstanding I had headaches every day, and frequently severe attacks of sick headaches, then I used more coffee to relieve the headaches, and this was well enough until the coffee effect wore off, then I would have sick spells.

"Finally my digestion was ruined, severe attacks of rheumatism began to appear, and ultimately the whole nervous system began to break down and I was fast becoming a wreck.

"After a time I was induced to quit coffee and take up Postum. This was half a year ago. The result has been most satisfactory.

"The rheumatism is gone entirely, blood is pure, nerves practically well and steady, digestion almost perfect, never have any more sick headaches and am gaining steadily in weight and strength."

"There's a Reason."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

I have a nice C[illegible]son Rambler rose that has made a v[illegible]rous growth, but when it came to b[illegible]ssom the flowers did not open up. They lacked the bright crimson, and the dead flowers hang on the bush, and the leaves are covered with a mold or mildew. Will somebody tell me the cause and suggest what to do for it?—Mrs. F., Edinboro, Pa.

I find cocoons hanging on my cedar tree. I would like to know what they are and how to destroy them. They feed on the cedar.—B., Bloomington, Ind.

I would like someone to answer through the columns of your paper the following question: In this community the land seems to have lost its vitality, and manure will not make it produce as good a crop as it should. I would like to know what I can put on it to bring the land to and make it produce as it should. The land has been farmed a great deal, but it lays well well to work, but it has no life in it.—M., Pleasant City, Ohio.

Will some kind reader give me a recipe for growing hair over a scar on a horse? In the case of my horse he skinned his knees, leaving the hide free of hair. I would also like a remedy for sweeny.—S., Pleasant Mills, N. J.

VALUE OF MEADOW FESCUE

The bureau of plant industry of the department of agriculture has issued a bulletin, giving the result of the investigation by H. N. Vinall, scientific assistant, crop investigation, relative to the merits of meadow fescue in meadows and permanent pastures. Meadow fescue is also known as English blue grass, and of recent years it has proved an important crop in northeastern Kansas, but it has not met with that expansion of production its value to the farmer supposes might warrant. It is especially adapted for permanent pastures in the timothy region. It is a strongly perennial grass, with long fibrous roots; the seed stalks ordinarily reaching a height of fourteen inches and more on upland soil, while in rich, black bottom lands they often reach three feet, and even more. Meadow fescue was originally introduced as a constituent of pasture mixtures sold by seedsmen, and till late in the eighties nearly all the seed was imported. As a rule the seed was high priced and of inferior quality, and this accounts for its slow advance in favor with the farmers; besides which, its utilization has not been more general because farmers did not realize the advantage of using mixtures of perennial grasses for pasture purposes, but clung tenaciously to timothy, red clover and blue grass. Meadow fescue does not show up advantageously in any region where blue grass does well, and it is only in the eastern parts of Kansas and Nebraska that its value is fully recognized. One advantage, it survives in wet places when trampled by live stock, keeping such places productive in pasture where timothy, red clover and blue grass would largely fail, and it also comes quickly from seed, producing, in a short time, a firm sod and considerable pasturage. In the east the meadow fescue rivals the orchard grass in clay soils, and while not so productive, is rather more palatable. It has proved itself a better drought resistant than the Kentucky blue grass because of its deeper root, and it is believed that as the value of tame pastures over native pastures is better known, and the English idea of pastures more firmly established with the American farmer, that it will take a more important part in farm life, at least as a pasture grass.

A heavy black loam is best adapted for its production and the best yields are always obtained from heavy soils rich in organic matter. It is not adapted to light, sandy soils. Seeding time comes late in August after the ground has been plowed and thoroughly harrowed, and the common practice is to sow from ten to fifteen pounds to the acre. The grain drill can be used in seeding or the seed can be sown broadcast and then harrowed under. Fall sown seed gives a seed crop the following season, the harvest for seed coming early in July just as the field begins to take on the yellowish brown cast characteristic of ripening grain, and the heads begin to droop of their own weight. The grass is cut with an ordinary grain binder and the shocks are small, to hasten the drying. An ordinary grain thrasher is used in thrashing, save much of the wind is shut off from the spout. Fifteen bushels to the acre is a fine yield, but the average runs from eight to twelve. Sometimes a crop of hay follows after the seed crop, but this is only possible when rains come after the harvest and the meadow is young and vigorous.

This, mixed with clover, makes a splendid feed, equal to timothy and clover for most animals, although it can hardly be recomemnded for driving animals because of its laxative effect. The nutritive value of meadow fescue hay is higher than that of timothy and when exclusively used for hay it is cut as it comes into bloom, about the middle of June. If meadows are properly treated and the ground enriched with manure, they will remain productive for twelve or seventeen years; the most progressive farmers, however, make use of meadow fescue in rotation, allowing a field to remain in meadow from three to six years only. Meadow fescue is used as a proper constituent in pasture mixtures, which mixtures vary according to locality. During the last four years oat rust has appeared in the meadow fescue and has worked some injury. The most troublesome weeds against which the farmers have to contend are whitetop, common cheat and Japan cheat, buckhorn, road plantain and dock. The first two are the most serious, more particularly cheat, as the seed is hard to distinguish from meadow fescue.

A resume shows that while meadow fescue is most important in eastern Kansas and southeastern Nebraska, it can be utilized in pasture mixtures to advantage in the east central states, and that a peculiar advantage is its adaptability for mixtures, its certain and strong germination from seed and its ability to thrive in wet soils and to stand trampling.

FEEDING THE COLT

The little colt will begin to nibble at grass and feed in the manger when it is 3 or 4 weeks old, and it will be able to eat some solid food to advantage when it is 6 weeks old. When the mare is fed in the stall the colt will try to imitate her by eating hay or thrusting its nose into the grain box. Some colts, like other animals, will learn to eat sooner than others, often depending upon the nourishment they secure from their dams.

Whenever the young colt shows inclination to eat it should be allowed and encouraged to do so, especially when the mare is worked regularly. This will not only be better for the colt in securing a full supply of nourishment, but it will relieve the mare of the burden of furnishing an extra quantity of milk and being so frequently annoyed by the sucking of the colt. Care should be taken in turning the colt on green pasture for too long a time when it first begins to eat, as a too heavy a meal of green grass will often cause the scours.

When the colt is not allowed to follow the mare, but is confined in the stable for a half day at a time, hay and other feed should be left in the stable within its reach. If the regular hay rack is too high or too deep for it, then a special hay rack should be made to suit its size. It is a good plan, too, to have a small grain box near that of the mare and feed the colt a little grain every time the mare is fed. In this way it will not rob the mare of her grain feed nor worry her so much by sucking when she comes in from hard work.

With heavy work during the summer, the mare and colt often become very poor, especially the mare. By teaching the colt to eat at an early period and giving it regular daily allowances of nutritious feeds, the mare will work and keep up in better flesh and the colt will not become weak, poor and probably stunted. When any young animal is growing is the time to give it plenty of food with which to grow. Never let a colt stop growing at any stage when feeds can make it grow, since the faster it grows the larger and better animal it will make, and every extra pound of bone and muscle put on a horse will pay larger returns than any other domestic animals. Clover is the best hay for colts, since it contains mineral matter for building bone and nitrogenous matter for blood and muscle. Wheat bran and oats are good feeds for building muscle and flesh, and corn is good for producing fat, energy and heat. Keep the colt growing and in good order by liberal feeding during the summer and fall, and keep it fat and round all through the winter. The colt kept in this way will be ready sale at any time, and will make money for the owner either kept or sold. The colt which is allowed to get poor and stay poor for any great lenith of time during its growing period will invariably make a small and inferior horse and be of doutbful profit to the grower.

THE COLONEY HOUSE

The colony-house is a portable house that will accommodate anywhere from twenty-five to a hundred fowls, and small enough to be pulled readily by a team of horses. It is not desirable to keep more than 100 fowls in a colony-house. A house 7x12 feet, if properly ventilated, will be large enough for fifty fowls. It is very essential that the house should provide a copious supply of fresh air at all times, but there should be no drafts of cold air on the fowls at night. A low temperature is not necessarily injurious; it is the extremes of heat and cold that should be avoided. The danger of keeping large flocks in small, close houses is largely in the difference in temperature between the air of the house at night and the outside air. The house becomes warm from the body heat of the fowls at night, and the sudden change of temperature to which they are exposed when let out in the morning is the cause of many of the colds and much so-called "roup" in the average flock. On the other hand, a roomy house with a relatively small number of fowls in it, having glass windows in the south, will have a high temperature during the day from the sun shining on the glass, while at night there will be a sharp fall in temperature, chilling the fowls and producing colds. There should be no great variation of temperature in the house between night and day.

The most practicable way of overcoming this difficulty is to leave one end of the house largely open. In a colony-house with fifty fowls the space usually occupied by the door would be left open night and day. For protection from wild animals a door made of poultry netting can be used, closing it at night and opening it in the morning. In sections where the snow drifts badly the door may be covered with a burlap or some light fabric that will admit the air and at the same time keep the snow out. The frame of the house may be 2x4 stuff covered with siding. In place of siding common boards with battens over the cracks may be used. The roof may be of shingles or of a good quality of roofing paper. Experiments at the Utah agricultural experiment station showed good results with the colony open front house during cold winters. The body warmth of the fowls is relied upon to keep the temperature of the house above that of outdoors, and at the same time the cloth window or curtain front admits a copious supply of fresh air. The open front may be adapted to the stationary house as well as to the colony-house.

The colony-houses should be kept far enough apart and moved often enough to give the fowls clean, fresh ground to range over. Not more than one breed should be kept on the farm, owing to the danger from mixing.

HOW TO DESTROY SNAILS

To destroy snails it is necessary to keep constantly after them by trapping or by placing substances in their haunts that are destructive to them. The slime that these pests exude is a great protection to them, but soot and lime in equal proportions kept constantly in their runs will destroy them. Neither soot nor lime alone is as powerful as the two in mixture. Powdered alum is also a very effective deterrent. Traps of lettuce or cabbage leaves laid about their haunts are effective if examined regularly, and other aids along this line are to keep all rubbish carefully gathered up in order that the insects have no place to hide, and keep the surface soil loose by frequent stirring.

PROFIT IN GEESE

Any line of business that will realize for the owner 100 per cent profit is simply coining money. The

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URDER MANIA EXPLAINED FROM MEDICAL VIEWPOINT

we get lower down in the social says Dr. T. Claye Shaw, of Lon- in the Lancet's report of his re before the Medico-Legal socie- rimes of murder and violence are frequent; there is plenty of vice infraction of the law in the high- sses, but it is of a different type, may be described as more of the ectual life, forgery, swindling on rge scale, emotional excess of the h form. They may be due, in part, ur president, the learned judge, said, to excess in drinking (especi- of bad liquor) among the lower rs, but another reason is proba- to be found in the lower state evolution under which they live, mstances which naturally re-en- any trend or tendency to the ntrolled instincts with which life seems inseparably bound up. dern psychology, though it has much to analyze mental pro- s, has not been up to now suc- ful in enlightening us as to the nature of the elementary pro- s themselves. It seems doubtful e shall ever be much nearer than ow are toward a real comprehen- of them, but we do, at any rate, w that there are actual facts or con- ns, and, helped by pathology, we that these conditions may be erated or distorted in some, t in others they may never rise ny prominence—may, indeed, be ely existent. The law, which may scribed as the verdict of the in- ual element of mind, as the ation of what is the truth with emotional element filtered out, es the validity of the chief side ind out of which action often arises; hence the lawyer and the ician must come into conflict, un- they come to terms about the ary psychological dictum—viz that emotion of feeling is that the basis of voluntary action, and that, therefore, any morbid alteration in kind or intensity of the former must change the character of the latter.

I have tried to determine whether there has been, with the progress of time, any alteration in this question of haemothymia, whether the cry of the peace party of today, the appeal for the putting down of armaments, the enthusiasm of vegetarians, the demand for the commutation of death sentences, can be regarded as due to a process of evolution. We may be more slow to anger (experience has taught us the advantage of that); we may be more willing to pay when in older times we should have fought; we may be more careful of life; we may conduct wars on more humanitarian principles, but when once engaged the old emotions seem to come up in all intensity and, on occasion, the call for blood overwhelms every other.

The result of all this is that whatever it may mean there is an innate primary feeling with regard to blood—at one time attractive, at another repellent, but in all cases strong. That trends or temperaments foster the one and increase the other; that the instinct is probably connected with the earliest efforts to procure food; that just as the sexual instinct or that of fear may be the direction of a trend and may be so strong as to lead to all kinds of extravagances (as we see daily that they do), so may the lust of blood be overpowering and lead to murderous acts; that being an emotion, it is estimated; that as emotion or feeling is the primary determinant of our efforts to live, it should hold a prominent place in our estimate of responsibility, because any morbid elevation of it renders voluntary inhibition negative and such voluntary power as is caused must be in its own direction. It can only be repressed by eradication of the conditions by which it exists, and when once seen seclusion methods should at once be resorted to without waiting for the acts to which it must of necessity lead.

OME-MADE LOTIONS FOR SKIN IRRITATION

nfortunate persons whose skins me irritated in warm weather use one of several soothing ap- ations to reduce inflammation. One ese, bicarbonate of soda, made a strong solution, will allay itch- both from heat and from non- onous bites of insects. A table- nful of soda to half a pint of r is an excellent mixture, and it ell to have the applications cold. part affected is mopped frequent- th the wash, letting it dry in. hen the irritation, as sometimes pens, becomes sore, oxide of zinc ment is both cooling and healing. this the place is anointed con- ly, washing off at intervals to ent dirt settling in the pores. m water and a bland soap, such as castile, should be employed, and an old soft bit of muslin for a mop. Drying is done with a soft cloth and the ointment at once applied. This may be used even on the face if applied carefully and talcum powder dusted over lightly to prevent an appearance of grease.

When the skin is delicate and inclined to chafe from heat talcum powder may be used profusely. For instance, carbonized vaseline, although it stings when first put on, is particularly good for such cases, being healing as well as soothing. Care must be taken to have the surface clean before it is applied and then powder in large quantity may be dusted on. Repeating these layers three or four times will make a paste that will adhere for many hours and is useful for the occasions when one is unable to renew the application.

Camel a Delicate Beast.

ulgarisation Scientifique.

ntrary to the widespread but er- us opinion the camel is a very del- animal. A camel that has worked n days in succession needs a th's pasturage to recuperate. It able to a host of ailments and ents. When a caravan crosses a ha, or dry salt lake, it is rare that of the animals do not break a If the fracture is in the upper part e limb there is nothing for it but aughter the animal and retail its as butcher's meat.

the lower part of the limb has injured the bone is set and held sition by means of splints made of branches which are bound with cords. If no complications ensue e end of a month the fracture is ed. When it is a case of simple cation the injured part is cauter- with a red hot iron, then coated clay and bandaged with a strip oth. Fifteen days afterward the al is generally cured.

Drumming of the Snipe.

try Life.

e of the most remarkable of bird ds is the so-called drumming of nipe. The noise is difficult to de- e and is often compared to bleat- The snipe, in fact, has been called bleater. Tennyson used the word speaking of "the swamp where the snipe."

s now generally agreed that the is made by the vibration of the feathers. A writer, however, care- watching the snipe during the ds in which it makes this remark- noise is convinced that the wings t in its production. This seems ex- ingly probable, since the wings are to be in actual vibration during mission.

Cure Found for Consumption

r. J. Lawrence Hill, That Actually res Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and All Throat and Lung Troubles.

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eryone who has weak Lungs, Catarrh e Bronchial Tubes or Catarrh in any Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, Chron- acking Cough, Loss of Flesh, Night ts, Hemorrhages, Soreness or Pain e Chest or under the Shoulder Blades, y other Deadly Symptom of Con- ption, should send their name and ad- with twenty cents in stamps or sil- to help pay packing, etc., for a Trial age of Dr. Hill's New Rational Rem- This treatment checks at once fur- progress of the disease, develops ding cell tissues and brings on new ing power, appetite, flesh and good h all throat and lung sufferers ld send at once for a trial package, the Doctor sends by mail prepaid.

Two Blackbirds Fight a Cat.

Country Life.

A correspondent gives an entertaining account of the vain efforts of a cat to get a young fledgling blackbird. The cat had observed the young flier and immediately gave chase, rushing up the trunk of the nest tree.

Meanwhile the parent birds had come upon the scene, and seeing the situation of their nestling attacked the cat with the utmost bravery, chattering as blackbirds can when occasion demands, and for two hours the birds kept up the attack without ceasing, forcing the enemy to keep on the defensive only. At last the birds were completely exhausted and sat "all of a heap," looking as if they had lost their feathers, like the jackdaw of Rheims after the curse.

A friendly hand at last dislodged the cat. In the afternoon the happy pair seemed quite to have recovered themselves and were singing a song of victory.

Improved Phonograph.

Buzzing or rumbling in the phonograph, due to the friction of the needle on the cylinder, are avoided in the new German instrument, which, according to the Deutsche Musikwerk Industrie, combines the leading features of the phonograph and the siren. A current of compressed air is substituted for the needle, and the perforations in the disc of a siren are replaced by incisions on the surface of a large record cylinder. A second perfectly smooth cylinder rests closely upon the surface of the first cylinder, and revolves in unison with it as the two cylinders are set in motion. A constantly varying succession of minute openings between their surfaces is presented, due to the incisions on the record cylinder. When a powerful blast of compressed air is directed upon the line of contact between the two cylinders at such an angle as to be an exact tangent to the surfaces of both, sounds are evoked identically as in the case of an ordinary siren. It is possible to communicate signals, and even words, which can, it is said, be readily heard miles away.

Crab Industry Growing.

Baltimore American.

"The soft-shell crab, which is now recognized from one end of the country to the other as a star among edibles and a palate-tickler right up with the topnotchers, has only acquired widespread fame in comparatively recent years," said Mr. A. R. Brown, a resident of the Eastern Shore, at the City hotel.

"When I first knew Crisfield, now the center of the soft-crab industry of the United States, in 1868, the crustacean that can be eaten shell and all had no more than the local celebrity it had enjoyed for generations. It was not until 1871 that the shrewd ones began to realize that money was to be made in shipping the product of their home waters to all points of the compass. From that date on the business grew rapidly, and now the soft shell is sent to every market in every state of the Union and the epicure of all sections can revel in it during the good old summer time."

Hearse Violates Speed Laws.

Chicago Dispatch to New York World.

Eugene R. Boden, a chauffeur of an automobile hearse, was arrested for speeding in Michigan avenue at Garfield Boulevard Wednesday. He was on his way with a body to Oakland cemetery. After notifying him to appear in court the policeman who made the arrest let him proceed to the grave.

"This is getting to be a busy city, when they race them to the cemetery," commented the officer.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

W. T. VERNON

Please give a sketch of the life of W. T. Vernon—J. M. S., Brandon, Miss.

William Tecumseh Vernon, the educator, was born July 11, 1871. He was the son of Adam Vernon. He took several degrees at Lincoln and Wilberforce universities. He was married in 1901 to Emily Jane Emory. Since 1896 Vernon has been president of Western university in Kansas. He has been register of the United States treasury since 1906, while on leave of absence from the university.

RULERS OF FRANCE

Will you please give a list of the rulus of France from the time the Romans abandoned it to the accession of Hugh Capet in 987?—R. H., New Haven, Mich.

The rulers of France who held the throne after the Romans were driven out were Clovis in 486 A. D., Clotaire I., Clotaire II., Dagobert, Pepin, Charles Martel, Pepin le Bref, Charlemagne, Louis I., Charles the Bald, Louis II., Louis III., Carloman, Charles the Fat, Charles II., Robert, and Rudolph, then Hugh Capet.

MARS

About what time will the planet Mars be nearest the earth? Do learned men believe that it is inhabited?—J. B., Gravity, Ia.

It is probable that the planet Mars will be very close to the earth during the month of August. Learned men believe that it is inhabited, among them being Percival Lowell, whose extended observations lead him to believe that Mars is inhabited by a highly civilized race of beings who are now carrying on great engineering works, including the famous canals which have been the subject of so much spectulation.

MESMERISM

Please give a history of mesmerism.—D. M., Romulus, N. Y.

Mesmerism or animal magnetism is a science or art, so-called, because it was once believed that it taught the method of producing upon persons of susceptible organization effects somewhat similar to those which a magnet exerts upon iron. Paracelsus believed that the human body was endowed with double magnetism; on one side attracting to itself the planets, whence comes wisdom and the senses, on the other side attracting the elements and nourished by their disintegration; that the attractive virtue resembles that of a magnet, and that healthy persons attract the enfeebled magnetism of the sick. Mesmer experimented with this animal magnetism for some time and effected many cures. These cures attracted so much attention in Paris that a commission was appointed by the government to examine into the matter. Mesmer wished that the cures which had been effected be accepted as the proof of animal magnetism, but the commissioners wanted to place themselves under Mesmer in order to experience what his regural patients experienced. They found that the patients unaware of the fact that they were being magnetized experienced none of the effects, and that patients who were told that they were being magnetized experienced the symptoms, though the magnetizer was not near them. The conclusion of the report of the commissioners is as follows:

"The commissioners have ascertained that the animal magnetic fluid is not perceptible by any of the senses; that it has no action, either upon themselves or upon the patients subjected to it. Finally they have demonstrated by decisive experiments that imagination apart from magnetism produces convulsions, and that magnetism without imagination produces nothing. They have come to the unanimous conclusion with respect to the existence and utility of magnetism that there is nothing to prove the existence of the animal magnetic fluid; that this fluid, since it is non-existent, has no beneficial effect; that the violent effects observed in patients under public treatment are due to contact, to the excitement of the imagination, and to the mechanical imitation which involuntarily impels us to repeat that which strikes our senses."

The existence of a magnetic fluid is yet to be proved. All the phenomena which Mesmer produced and attempted to explain by the existence of such a fluid are now explained by the principle or hypnotic suggestion.

CHURCHES

How many members and how many church buildings are there in the Catholic, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Congregational denominations of the United States?—M. F., Oshtemo, Mich.

There are 54,566 Baptist churches and 5,140,770 Baptist members; 12,449 Catholic churches and 11,143,455 members; 5,943 Congregational churches and 694,923 members; 60,352 Methodist churches and 6,551,891 members, and 15,922 Presbyterian churches and 1,771,877 members.

WELLAND CANAL

Please give a history of the Welland canal.—W. K. D., Sandy Lake, Pa.

The Welland canal runs from Port Colborne, on Lake Erie, to Port Dalhousie, on Lake Ontario, a distance of 27 miles. It has 25 locks, each 270 feet long, 45 feet wide and 14 feet deep. Of course the size of the locks limit the size of the boats which can use the canal. The canal was begun in 1824 and was opened to travel in 1833. It was enlarged in 1871 and again in 1900. The total amount expended on its construction amounted to over $24,293,587 up to the year 1900.

WISCONSIN

Please describe the soil and climate of Wisconsin.—G. F., Atlanta, Mo.

The soil in the northern part of Wisconsin is not well adapted to agriculture, but the prairies in the south and central portions are exceedingly rich and productive. The temperature of the counties along the shore of Lake Michigan are materially affected by the water, which moderates the excessive heat of the summer and the cold of the winter. Snow always falls in the northern part of the state before the occurrence of heavy frosts, protecting the ground and the roots of the plants from freezing and accelerating the growth of vegetation in the spring. The prevailing winds of spring come from the northeast; of summer, southeast, and of fall and winter, west. The winters are cold, mostly uniform, with many clear, dry days; the springs are backward; the summers short and hot; the autumns mild and almost always pleasant. The annual quantity of rain and melted snow is about 32 inches.

WINFIELD SCOTT

Please give a biographical sketch of Gen. Winfield Scott.—F. M., Hazel, Va.

Winfield Scott, the American soldier, was born June 13, 1786, and died May 29, 1866. He studied at William and Mary college, after which he read law in Petersburg. In 188 he was commissioned captain in the United States army, and in the following year went with his company to New Orleans. In the war of 1812 he went to the Canadian frontier as a lieutenant-colonel. He was taken prisoner during a battle, but was soon afterward exchanged and promoted colonel of a regiment. He then joins the army on the Niagara frontier and became his chief of staff. In 1814 Scott was promoted brigadier-general, so he established a camp of instruction at Buffalo. Then he saw more service, after which he was made a major-general as a reward for his bravery. Scott then saw little service for a generation. In the Nullification excitement he commanded at Charleston, and he served against the Seminoles and Creeks, succeeding Macomb as commander-in-chief of the United States army in 1814. In the second year of the Mexican war Gen. Scott took command of the main army. He besieged and took Vera Cruz, stormed Cerro Gordo and reached Puebla. Having rested his army, he pushed on to the plain of the capital, won the victories of Contreras, Cherubusco, Molino del Rey and Chapultepec, and entered the City of Mexico September 14, 1847. In 1852 he was the Whig candidate for President and was overwhelmingly defeated by Pierce. Later he was engaged on a commission for rectifying the boundary line with Great Britain. The outbreak of the civil war found him still in command of the army, but he retired in October, 1861.

THE NATIONAL HIGHWAY

Please tell something about the national road over the Appalachian mountains.—J. C. F., Niles, Mich.

Henry Clay was the person largely responsible for the construction of the highway across the Appalachian mountains. It was only through his perseverance that congress made enough appropriations to build the road. The highway connected the District of Columbia with the Ohio river. Commenced in 1806, and built at a cost of $1,800,000, it was the first internal improvement of any magnitude undertaken at public expense. Before the close of the year 1831 over $200,000 had been expended upon it in repairs. The road ran from a point nearly opposite Steubenville, Ohio, and Wheeling, in West Virginia, through Ohio and Allegheny counties to Cumberland, thence through Cumberland and Washington counties and in Frederick county to Frederickton, all in Maryland. Connecting there was a road that led to Baltimore and one that led to Washington, D. C. The national road had a uniform width of 80 feet and was afterwards extended westward from the Ohio river to Indianapolis.

DOG DAYS

Please tell what you know concerning dog days.—S. H. S., Ferrum, Va.

Dog days is the name applied to the hottest season of the year at the time of the heliacal rising of Sirius, the dog star; that is, the time when it rose just before the sun. They usually lasted for about forty days. We still retain the expression dog days as applied to the hottest season of the year, but owing to the procession of the equinoxes it is no longer the time of the heliacal rising of the dog star.

JAMES A. HUGHES

Please give a sketch of the life of James A. Hughes.—S. O., Girard, W. Va.

James Anthony Hughes, the congressman and merchant, was born February 27, 1861. He was the son of James W. Hughes. Young Hughes was educated in Canada. In 1885 he married Belle Vinson, of West Virginia. He then entered the lumber business. He was elected a member of the state senate of the Kentucky legislature from Boyd and Lawrence counties in the year 1887. In 1894 he was elected from three other counties. From 1901 to 1903 he was a member of congress from the 4th West Virginia district; and from 1903 to 1909 from the 5th district.

JENNY LIND

Will the Question Bureau please give a sketch of Jenny Lind the noted singer—F. A. F., Ulster, Pa

Jenny Lind was a celebrated Swedish singer, born at Stockholm, 1821. She was of humble parentage, and her musical gifts were first noticed by an actress, by whose influence she was admitted, at the age of 9, into Conservatory of Stockholm, where she received lessons of Croelius and Berg. She sang before the court with success at the age of 16. Four years later her voice was thought wanting in volume, and when she appeared at the Grand Opera two years later her failure was so mortifying that she is said to have resolved never again to sing in France. Returning to Stockholm she was heard with enthusiasm in Robert le Diable, and at the instance of Meyerbeer was engaged in Berlin in 1845. After singing two years in Prussia she visited Vienna and other German cities, and made her first debut in London in 1847 with a very marked success. Her return to Stockholm was greeted with an ovation, and the tickets to the opera in which she appeared sold at auction. She returned to London in 1849, and won an immense triumph. In 1850 she made an engagement with P. T. Barnum for a concert tour in America, extending through the United States, British Provinces, Mexico and the West Indies. The receipts of this well managed tour were $610,000, of which Mademoiselle Lind received $302,000. While in America she was married to M. Otto Goldschmidt, a native of Hamburg, who accompanied her as pianist. They returned to Europe in 1852, and resided at Dresden, after she had visited Stockholm and expended $200,000 in endowing schools in her native country. Since then Madame Goldschmidt has rarely sung at concerts. In 1874 she and her husband became leading professors at the Rhenish Academy of music in Wiesbaden. Her voice was contralto of moderate range, but much power and expression. Her kind manners and abundant charities contributed to her popularity and success.

TAFT'S CABINET

Will you please give a list of the Cabinet officers of President Taft?—M. E. C. Bristol, W. Va.

The members of Taft's cabinet are as follows: Secretary of state, Philander C. Knox, of Pennsylvania; secretary of the treasure, Franklin Mac Veagh, of Illinois; secretary of war, Jacob M. Dickinson, of Tennessee; attorney general, George W. Wickersham, of New York; postmaster general, Frank H. Hitchcock, of Massachusetts; secretary of the navy, George Von L. Meyer, of Massachusetts; secretary of the interior; Richard A. Balinger, of Washington; secretary of agriculture, James Wilson, of Iowa; secretary of commerce and labor, Charles Nagel, of Missouri.

LOSSES BY WAR

Please state how many people were killed on both sides in the Spanish-American and the Russian-Japanese wars.—H. D. J., Lafayette, Tenn.

In the war with Spain the United States lost 107 officers and 2,803 men. We cannot give the Spanish losses in that war. The Japanese lost in their war with Russia about 94,800 soldiers and the Russians about 352,412 men.

ANDREA DEL SARTO

Will you please give a short sketch of the life of Andrea Del Sarto?—A. E. Y., Romeo, Mich.

Andrea Del Sarto, the Italian painter, was born July 17, 1486, and died January 22, 1531. His real name was Andrea Angeli, the name Del Sarto having been applied to him from the occupation of his father who was a tailor. He had teachers, but his talents were cultivated by his study of the great painters of those times. At first he painted many pieces for his native city, but Francis I induced him to go to France in 1518 by offering him a considerable salary. He soon returned with a commission from the king to purchase ancient and modern works of art. The coloring of his paintings both in fresco and oil is full of sweetness and force; his draperies are easy and graceful. His figures lack the force and vivacity which animate the works of other great painters, though they possess correctness, truth and simplicity.

HORACE GREELEY

Will you please give a short sketch of the life of Horace Greeley?—L. F. Portsmouth, O.

Horace Greeley was born in 1811 and died in 1872. In 1833 he edited the Evening Post, the first penny paper ever issued, and in the following year founded the New Yorker. He was also editorially connected with two campaign journals of considerable popularity, and in 1841 issued the first number of the Tribune, which he continued to edit until his death. It was at first Whig, then anti-slavery Whig, then Republican, employed the most eminent men of the day on its staff, proclaimed the most popular and radical views, and was the most influential paper in America. Greeley was made a congressman from New York in 1848, where he redressed abuses of the mileage system. His term in office only lasted one year. He earnestly advocated the abolition of slavery during the war, and made most powerful appeals to the administration through the columns of his paper. During the period of reconstruction he advocated universal amnesty and impartial suffrage, and became one of the bondsmen of Jefferson Davis in 1867. In 1872 he was the presidential candidate for the Liberal Republican and Democratic parties, but was defeated by General Grant. Eccentric in habit and in thought, frank and open-minded, firm in his convictions, ever mindful of the welfare of society, he was called by John G. Whittier, "the later Franklin."

THE KING'S SURNAME

I saw in The Blade a few weeks ago a request for the surname of King Edward of England, which was not given. I have a clipping in my scrap book which says that Queen Victoria's family name was Guelph by descent, and her marriage with Prince Albert gave her his surname which was Wettin. Therefore the present king's surname is Wettin.—P. M., East Galway, N. Y.

EUGENIE

Will the Question Bureau please give a sketch of the life of the Empress Eugenie of France?—S. R. W., Marietta, O.

Eugenie Marie de Montijo was born in Grenada, Spain, May 5, 1826. Her father was a Spanish grandee, who was connected with many illustrious families. Her mother, Maria Kirkpatrick Closeburn, was descended from a Roman Catholic family of Scotland which took refuge in Spain after the fall of the Stuarts. Eugenie was educated in France and England, and traveled with her mother. She bore the title of Countess of Teba, and resided much in London. It is said that she met Napoleon here during his exile for the first time, but it was not until later, when he was President of France, and she appeared in the brilliant festivals of the Elysee in Paris, in 1851, that her beauty and grace permanently attracted him. They were married January 29, 1853. The Prince Imperial was born in March, 1856, and the prospective right of regency was conferred on the Empress in 1858. She made the court of France very brilliant by her accomplishments and remarkable taste in dress. When the Emperor left Paris for the seat of war in 1870, she became regent. After the fall of Sedan, she escaped to England, where her husband joined her and they resided until his death.

MISCELLANEOUS

W. H. D., Chiltons, Va.: President Hayes was inaugurated March 5. Taking the oath is a part of the inauguration.

J. W., Farmer City, Ill.: The secretaries of state under Buchanan were Lewis Cass and Jeremiah S. Black. The secretaries of war were John B. Floyd and Joseph Holt.

W. T. O., Loup City, Neb.: You are a citizen of the United States if your parents were naturalized before you became 21 years old.

M. E. P., Garfield, Wash.: Your question should be sent to the war department at Washington, D. C. The bureau cannot undertake a definite reply.

L. M. H., Herald, Va.: Niagara Falls were frozen over until quite late this last winter.

E. T., Franklin, Ind.: The Blade does not give addresses of private individuals or firms.

W. G. B., Fairmount City, Pa.: The bureau is not familiar enough with the present form of Russian government to answer your question as it should be dealt with.

I. S., Long, W. Va.: We can tell you nothing about the railway up Pike's Peak.

J. H. D., Chester, Miss.: We have no speech of Colonel Winslow's made before the Acadians.

A MILLIONAIRE'S PEARLS

At the time of M. Chauchard's funeral, the newspapers made reference to a wonderful waistcoat, buried with him, ornamented with pearl buttons, which, according to some accounts, was worth 500,000 francs, and to others 500 francs. It had actually cost M. Chauchard nothing at all beyond the cost of making up. It seems, says the London Globe, that some seven or eight years ago, a distant cousin of the millionaire opened a shop not far from the great stores of her relative, for the manufacture and sale of mother-of-pearl jewelry, and, in the hope of inducing M. Chauchard to "push" the sale of her goods, sent him some sample "pearls," which he wore, imitations as they were. This was the wonderful waistcoat which was buried with the late M. Chauchard.

A Fable.

Success Magazine.

Once there was a Gander who was fond of Cheese. In the place where the Gander was there was a large piece of Cheese which belonged to the Gander. The only question was whether or not to eat the Cheese.

"If I should trust myself to open my mouth and eat this Cheese, said the Gander, "I might be making a mistake. How can I know that I ought to eat the Cheese? How can I be sure that it is wise to eat the Cheese?"

With these considerations the Gander was much troubled, and stood looking longingly at the Cheese, until a Fox came up and inquired about the Gander's trouble.

"Trust yourself in a question so intimately concerning your welfare and future happiness!" exclaimed the Fox, when he had heard the Gander's troubles, "I should say not! What you need is a representative; somebody to look after your interests and to make wise decisions in all matters involving the consumption of Cheese. If you will kindly adopt this ring which I will put round your bill, and these iron clamps which I will slip upon your legs, you will be perfectly safe. There will be no danger of your doing anything unwise for yourself."

At this proposal the Gander was delighted, and, with warm expressions of thanks, assisted in putting the clamps upon its legs and the ring around its bill.

"This," said the Fox, "will afford you ample opportunity to wait for your second thoughts on anything you may think you want to do."

Whereupon the Fox sat down and proceeded to eat the Cheese.

"I am sure," said he, "that this will be for the wider interests of the whole community."

Hysteria.

Ohio State Journal.

The very dangerous tendency of the American people to hysteria is occasionally displayed on two somewhat similar subjects—leprosy and hydrophobia. Both of these horrible and deadly diseases are extremely rare, and both appear to be difficult to distinguish to a certainty. At least, it is impossible for a layman to determine whether or not a dog is afflicted with hydrophobia or a man with leprosy. Nevertheless, such is the fear that exists in regard to those diseases that laymen can take it upon themselves so to determine and often persecute innocent suspects to the point of death.

Proper preventive measures against disease cannot, of course, be too strongly enforced; but hysterical and brutal treatment of men or beasts does not come under that category. We need a little more of the attitude of the Christian Scientist in this matter. We need to forget our fears and let our minds dwell on pleasanter themes, leaving the treatment of disease to the scientists, who seldom show signs of neglecting their duties.

Paper Eating Kills Woman.

Paris (Ill.) Dispatch to New York Press.

Grace Schaeffer, 20 years old, died in her home here Friday after an operation in which 5 feet of paper wads were removed from her intestines.

Miss Schaeffer began to eat paper when she was a child. Her parents tried in vain to break her of the habit, and when she was 12 years old an operation was preformed just in time, the doctors said, to save her life. She was kept under constant watch, and almost daily members of her family took balls of paper by force from between her teeth. As soon as newspapers were read they were burned. The girl ate leaves of books, and every book in the house was put out of the way.

Six months ago the young woman took a vow she would overcome her mania and it was thought she had kept her promise. But two days ago she fell ill, and this morning an operation became necessary. It revealed that the girl had secreted her family by eating the brown wrapping paper brought into the house aroung packages.

Did as He Was Told.

The Bluejacket.

Some years ago the Yankee schooner Sally Ann, under command of Capt. Spooner, was boating up the Connecticut River. Mr. Comstock, the mate, was at his station forward. According to his notion of things the schooner was getting a "leetle" too near certain mud flats which lay along the larboard shore, so aft he went to the captain, and with his hat cocked on one side said:

"Cap'n Spooner, you're getting a leetle too close to them flats. Hadn't ye better go about?"

The captain glared at him.

"Mr. Comstock, just you go for'ard and tend to your part of the skuner. I'll tend to mine."

Mr. Comstock went for'ard in high dudgeon.

"Boys," he bellowed out, "see that air mud hook's all clear for littin' go!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Let go, then!" he roared.

Down went the anchor, out rattled the chains, and like a flash the Sally Ann came luffing into the wind, and then brought up all standing. Mr. Comstock walked aft and touched his hat.

"Well, cap'n, my part of the skuner is to anchor."

SUNDAY SCHOOL

OLD TIES AND NEW WORK

The International Sunday School Lesson for August 15 Is "Paul's Third Missionary Journey—Ephesus." Acts 18: 23; 19: 22.

BY WILLIAM H. ELLIS.

One of the everyday tragedies of life is the breaking of old ties by progressive persons who have gone into a new life. Young people who have left the humble old home to go to college return and find themselves living in a different world, which does not speak the language of that in which they are reared. All about us we see prominent and successful men and women, concerning whose families we never inquire. They have had to make a fresh life for themselves. Some are all too quick to break with the past and to forget those to whom they owe all; but even many who would carry their families and old associates with them find it impossible so to do. Paul, the great apostle to the Gentiles, was nevertheless a Jew, and his heart ever yearned for his own people. Daily he prayed for them, and, with all his tact and wisdom, he sought to keep in close relationship with them. Whenever he approached a new community it was to the synagogue that he immediately repaired. His pride was that he was a Hebrew of the Hebrews. Yet, alas! his own people continually cast him out.

Despite innumerable mobbings, Paul kept his Hebrew affiliations. In the present lesson we find him ending his second missionary journey in order to go up to Jerusalem to fulfill a vow. He made the long journey up to the city of David—with the inextinguishable love for that spot which has characterized the devout Jew throughout all ages—and in the temple courts he fulfilled all the rites of an orthodox Jew.

The Things Men Celebrate.

Nothing is said in the record about the reception given the great apostle by the church at Jerusalem. Apparently he had no triumphal entry. It is more than possible that the Judaized Christians were cold to this apostle to the Gentiles. It is more probable, however, that the historian, with a finer sense of proportion, records only the work of the evangelization and not the home jubilations. Luke, like Paul, had a supreme interest in the field.

Paul was not one of those missionaries who make more noise at home than they do abroad; whose work looms larger in the printed reports and in the telling to home churches than it does before the eyes of those who actually see it on the ground. He was never the companion of evangelists who employ press agents to report their successes in distant fields to the centers from which they draw, or hope to draw a stipend.

For to Paul's mind the work was the thing. His heart yearned for the battleground, like old Dr. Hunter Corbett, who would not wait to finish his term as moderator of the Presbyterian general assembly, but who hastened back to his field in China. He would rather preach in the Chinese villages than preside and be lionized at elaborate functions in America. Of him it is told that, returning to China from a furlough, he began to preach to the natives as soon as he set foot upon the jetty, even before he had greeted his family.

An Echo of the Baptist.

An interesting figure enters the story here, one Apollos, an Alexandrian Jew. He was of the type of the scholarly man of letters, ready in debate and equipped by research for thorough controversy. The Alexandrian spirit, which applied the Greek standards of scholarship to the Hebrew scriptures, was personified in Apollos. Now, Apollos knew John the Baptist's teaching, and the promised Messiah, but he was ignorant that Christ had already come and lived and died. Yet he was true to the best that he knew, and, up to the limits of his knewledge, he preached his gospel in Ephesus, powerfully confounding the Jews.

The churches which are not awake to the whole truth are typified by Apollos and his Ephesian converts. We recall the great body of Armenian Christians, and the Coptic church, and the Greek church, and the Orthodox Russian church, which, through intellectual torpor and spiritual decline, have lost so much of the treasure of the upniversal Christian church. What shall we say to them? Shall we follow in the train of the Christians of an older day and brand them as heretics? Surely not. The temper of the time is to lead all these on to a fuller knowledge. Upon her best of what they have the completer structure of Christian truth should be reared. That, happily, is the mood of the day.

That, too, was the mood of Paul's day. Apollos was not cast out as a heretic. There were two friends of the gospel, Aquila and Priscilla, who seem ever to have been satisfied to keep in the background and to be helpers of others. What part they had as the strengtheners, supporters and comforters of Paul we can only imagine. When they learned of Apollos' preaching they did not rise up in the synagogue and hurl criticisms at his head, nor did they set to flowing that subtle current of censoriousness which is swifter than the waters that girdle the earth. Instead, they took him aside and expounded to him fully the way of life. Would that our churches were full of Aquilas and Priscillas! Then the preacher who is now criticised for his crudities and rawnesses and blunders and shortcomings would be helped, in quiet, brotherly fashion, to fulfill a larger mission. Who knows but that even this preacher, whose message is so far below the truth that you yourself know, may yet be a veritable Apollos?

Religion's Best for All.

Ephesus was the great commercial metropolis of Asia Minor. It was a city of diverse peoples and multitudinous interests. Later in Christian history it became known as the home of the Apostle John, and the church at Ephesus grew to be a Christian stronghold. When Paul arrived there he found a company of believers who had been taught by Apollos. When he asked them if they had received the Holy Spirit, they displayed lamentable ignorance concerning the truths of the Christian religion. Now Paul was eager to perfect those who were headed right, as well as those who were headed wrong. So he set about, along with Aquila and Priscilla, to illumine the minds and direct the faith of these assumbling saints. The Ephesians were prototypes of that multitude who get only part way into the Christian religion. Mr. Moody described them as having "just enough religion to make them miserable." The fullness of joy and peace and power, which are Christ's promised heritage to his own, are unknown mysteries to them.

Undoubtedly, too, there were richer spiritual manifestations given to the apostolic church than are given now. Possibly these gifts of tongues and prophecies and healing were necessary for the pioneering stage of the gospel. In any case it must remain true that these gifts were not an end, but a means. They were not to be sought for themselves, but for what they could bring to pass in the proclamation of Christ. Herein is the blunder of the sects who are still arising in our own time, exalting to a supreme place what they call the gift of tongues. There is a tragic side to the spiritual elation, not to say hysteria, of those who consider themselves so gifted.

On the mission fields I heard many stories of companies who had gone out to the foreign field expecting to receive the gift of tongues, but not in a single instance were their expectations fulfilled. Only a short time ago a large company went from Seattle to Tokio. They thought they were able to speak in Japanese. Arrived there they had to be helped home by the missionaries and other benevolent Americans, and the great tent which they had taken with them for the holding of meetings probably is still in storage at the Yokohama customs.

When Colombo Did Not Fall.

It is well to be modest and self-distrustful concerning special spiritual abilities. Is it not almost incredible that one should be proud and boastful of gifts that are possessed only by the mercy of the Lord, if possessed at all? Some time ago an independent American missionary in Ceylon, who had run after various special cults, believed that he had a revelation that the city of Colombo was to be destroyed by an earthquake and a tidal wave on a certain day. Before the day came he repaired with his friends up to the hills of Kandy and there he awaited the great catastrophe. When evening came, and there had been no sign of the disaster, he telegraphed down to Colombo to know if the city was still there.

Unable to hold up his head in Ceylon after this fiasco, he went to South India, still without his confidence in special revelations at all humbled. He said to a young woman missionary that he had been told by the Lord that he was to marry her on a certain day. The young woman thought that she had had a confirmatory message. All preparations were made for the wedding, but just before the ceremony this young seer reported that he had had another revelation to the effect that he should not get married. The young woman and her friends have had their trust in special messages seriously shaken.

The Debate in School.

Driven by opposition out of the Jewish synagogue, Paul carried his teaching and discussions out into the school of Tyrannus. There he debated daily with all comers. Paul was never greatly disturbed by being put out of the church. He was no example for the modern preacher who, when for one reason or another he loses his pulpit, begins to squabble and fight and create friction, ever thereafter cherishing a grievance and making himself a nuisance to his friends. If men care more for the gospel than for their own jobs they would simply go out and preach. There is no need to quarrel over pulpits. There are always plenty of people eager to hear real preaching. In every large community a man can build up a congregation of the utterly unchurched. The marvel is why more young ministers, instead of candidating around for calls, do not go out into virgin soil and build up their own churches. There is no joy quite like that of having your own work.

Two years in Ephesus made Paul and his teaching town talk. Not only were many converts gathered to him, but the whole great community was aware that a

TOLEDO BLADE.

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TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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President Taft believes he knows what a Republican platform is for.

Harry Thaw is willing to promise that he will never go insane again.

A scientist says the flea is blind. Blind or not, he knows when to jump.

Harry Thaw's "exaggerated ego" has certainly gave him a lot of bother.

Prosperity is up on its toes and ready for a grand demonstration of speed.

It is about time for advertisements announcing "the best county fair ever held."

Probably the old kind of religion would be all right if we had enough of it.

Getting whipped now and then doesn't seem to have discouraged Spain.

So far, President Taft has worked like a man who appreciates his raise of salary.

"Barcelona Reported Quiet," says a headline. Volcanoes have to sleep occasionally.

When European monarchs meet they don't seem to take any stock in the kissing germ theory.

It should be quite a rest for President Taft to get into his summer home and quit smiling.

No doubt Theodore Roosevelt could settle down in Uganda and easily become the leading citizen.

Jim Jeffries says his wind is good. And yet he doesn't seem to have any idea of going into politics.

John D. Rockefeller denounces the income tax. And this is the best argument we have seen for it.

The politician may not always know what he is talking about, but he knows what he is talking for.

Secretary Wilson, of the agricultural department, certainly does know how to raise a big corn crop.

Having already made up his mind that the place won't suit him, Mr. Bryan is going to visit Panama.

To Mark Twain the clock must move pretty slowly, since his doctor has limited him to four cigars a day.

With a war to look after, King Alfonso cannot be much of a help in the matter of taking care of the babies.

A Kentucky preacher says whisky is a mistake. And it is. The man who invented it didn't know it was loaded.

King Edward regards a fleet of battleships a sign of peace, especially when it belongs to the home country.

It would be a shame if King Alfonso should lose his job just when he is beginning to accumulate an interesting family.

William Jennings Bryan will not move to Texas, as reported. Perhaps he feels that there isn't room enough there for him.

J. P. Morgan and John W. Gates are home from Europe. Maybe they wanted to get back in time for the prosperity harvest.

Some people seem to enjoy going away on a vacation for the simple purpose of sending post cards to their friends at home.

An Iowa paper says it misses the Roosevelt message. With the temperature at 83, here, we are rather thankful for their absence.

It is hardly probable that the Standard Oil company will ever [illegible] to manufacture eggs, no matter what success it has with butter.

"I have no patience with sentimentalism," says Mr. Roosevelt. Neither has he any too much patience with a charging hippopotamus.

The old man with two corns and a bunion will not think much of the government's demand for young men in the weather bureau service.

There are some drawbacks to being President. He has to wait till congress adjourns before he can take a vacation and have a good time.

A Baltimore paper says a flying machine is more uncertain than a mule. We had the idea that a mule is always as certain as death.

John D. Rockefeller has bought a $10,000 cow. Now if he can afford the purchase of a dozen good laying hens he will be able to get along all right.

"Why do men admire widows?" asks a southern girl. Maybe one reason is that their late husbands left a big insurance policy to be collected.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller has announced that he will give out no more interviews. Does that mean that hereafter we'll have to get along without his advice?

Immense Paris crowds watched the first public beheading that has taken place in France during the past fifteen years. Speaker Cannon continues to do his decapitating in a quiet, unassuming way.

Prohibition in Kansas has brought about what is called a "Jackson cocktail." It made of hard cigar and Jamaica ginger. If much of it is consumed there'll surely be something the matter with Kansas.

THE PAYNE TARIFF LAW.

The new tariff law is not a perfect balance between the needs of revenue and the needs of protection. No tariff readjustment has ever been that. But on the whole the law will prove meritorious. It has borne out the pledges of the Republican party for honest revision. Substantial reductions have been made exactly where the reductions will benefit the average citizen. A check has been given to the rising flood in the costs of living. "Infant" industries will have to undergo the process of weaning. Trusts, to whom the Dingley tariff was mother, must look to other parentage or to other support.

The cost of revising the tariff might alarm one if it should ever be published. But from more than one result the expeditures of congress while engaged in its labors cannot be considered excessive. The discussion has been educational to the whole country. Intimate history of customs schedules were brought to light as well as the inner politics of certain gentlemen who supported many of the schedules. The excessive protectionists must never hope to employ many of their arguments again. These have been riddled with holes, ripped and torn and made ridiculous. On the other hand the Democratic party can no longer in sincerity plead for tariff for revenue only. Some of the demands made by members of the opposition out-protected protection. The duties on sugar, on lumber, the 128 per cent increase on pineapples, and some of the cotton schedules, owe themselves entirely to the Democrats, whose platform called for the reduction on the necessaries of life and the "immediate repeal of the tariff on wood pulp, print paper, lumber, timber and logs."

The political echoes of the tariff fight will be among the most interesting events of the next few months. Many senators and representatives will be made to answer for their votes to their constituents. The insurgent movement, more pronounced in the senate than in the house, may develop in the virtual regeneration of the upper chamber of commerce and may bring about the overthrow of the Cannon domination in the lower. Aldrich maintained his power in the extra session because he had always something to trade for votes. Section could be played against section and pledges of mutual support carried out. But with the regular business resumed next winter Aldrich may find himself struggling for his political crown. He will have the hardest kind of work to retain it. Payne, by reason of the prestige of the bill he fathered, becomes a strong candidate to succeed Depew in the senate. The reputation of New York will gain by the change.

No other tariff discussion in the last half century has had less effect upon the state of business than this. The hesitancy, the fluctuations in trade and the expressions of uneasiness, noticeable when the extra session opened, quickly disappeared. The weekly trade reviews in time hardly mentioned the tariff discussion. The running time of factories improved, transportation increased, the price of stocks rose and the movement of shipping became steadier and more active. The end of the tariff speech-making was discounted in the market weeks before the end actually came.

UNPLEASANT PROSPERITY NOTE.

The railroads made marked progress last year with the extension of block system. It is now possible to go from Jersey City to San Francisco protected by the semaphore arms and the red and green signal lanterns of such systems with the exception of about 130 miles. But the multiplication of the safety devices, the increase in the number of guards at crossings and the betterment of equipment have given only partial assurance yet that life upon the rail is less in peril than it was two or three years ago.

Two thousand one hundred and seventy-three persons were killed upon the railroads last year. This was a marked decrease in the number over the year before, which was 11,839. But the year 1908 was a period of the worst business depression ever suffered in this country. Passenger business fell off enormously. Fifteen per cent of the railroad employes were discharged for want of work. Trains were reduced in number and the cars hauled per locomotive on most of the lines were fewer.

The newspapers of the country have told of several wrecks recently, each with one or more persons injured, some of them with lists of dead. The railroad commission of Ohio reports that sixty persons were killed upon the railways of the state in July.

A prosperity note which carries an account of death or of maiming is not a pleasant one to read. There is more work for the railroads; possibly more business in this matter for legislatures.

PINCHOT AND BALLINGER.

The reputation of Mr. Ballinger, secretary of the interior, is not enhanced by entering into a quarrel with Gifford Pinchot, chief of the division of forestry in the department of agriculture. Mr. Ballinger is at present credited with the demoralization of the reclamation service, though he has held office hardly five months. Any extension of powers for disorganization cannot but suggest that in one of his cabinet officers Mr. Taft has made an unfortunate selection.

Pinchot has come on the bad books of Ballinger for appealing to the President to save the water power on government reservations. This had been withdrawn from entry, but Ballinger canceled the order. The President supported Pinchot. Mr. Ballinger, it is said, has intimated that either he or Pinchot must go. Considering the abilities of the two men and their attainments there can be little comparison. If either must go it is the secretary of the interior.

Gifford Pinchot has a right to demand an expression of gratitude from his country. The expansion of the forest reserves was brought about by Mr. Pinchot. The service, which has been honeycombed with petty graft for many years, was cleansed and raised to a high plane of efficiency. Lumber stealers, fraudulent mining claimants, cattle and sheep grazers who used government land and paid no price, all hate Mr. Pinchot bitterly. They have had their orators in congress, their influence at the high courts of the government, but Pinchot has come out victor. The forest reserves are now recognized as reserves of treasure. They are already bringing in an income. Within a few years they should be self-supporting and before the owners of private forests have chopped and burned over their last tract an immense revenue will pour from the federal woodlands into the coffers in Washington.

The high talents and the patriotic purpose of Ethan Allen Hitchcock must surely be missed around the department of the interior.

RATS AND DISEASE.

There are specialists who declare that the bubonic plague, which visited the Pacific coast with fatal results to resident and with loss to business and property valuations, is not dead, but sleeping. It is the nature of this disease to have long periods of apathy, followed by virulent and almost uncontrollable epidemics.

Not until the rats are slain can the nation rest easy that bubonic plague may not come to harass any section of the country at any moment. The vermin is the distributing agency. The germs the rats spread in India have brought death to more than five millions of souls within a dozen years. No home so rich and cleanly, no home so cursed with poverty, that the rats will not find sustenance if only they can discover shelter. Scores of cases of typhoid, of outbreaks of fever caused by the gnawing of lead pipes and the consequent escape of sewer gas, of diseases due to contact with human food, have been traced to rats.

Municipalities, following the course of San Francisco, must some day soon protect their health by scientifically slaying off their rats. The individual householder can help, but, as he knows from experience, he cannot conquer the nuisance. It is a case for organization.

AERIAL WARFARE.

Up to the present time war has been a conflict of armed populations. It is now to be a duel between fighting machines, operated by trained experts. * * * This means the end of the military world as we have known it. National power is no longer to be founded on the mass of fighting males. It becomes a great struggle of intellect, dependent directly on national progress in the mechanical arts and national wealth.—From a prophecy of the building of aerial navies in McClure's Magazine.

To assume that only groups of trained experts will carry on the wars of the future is to assume that the objects of war will be altered. Reprisals will be possible, but not conquest. The destruction of cities will be easy if the airships are actually to be as powerful as military men say they will be, but the subjection of a people will not be possible. Armed forces can be annihilated, but possibly not the hundreds of irregular and frantically patriotic companies which would naturally form themselves. Indemnities might be levied, but a people fairly safe as to life might place honor above property and refuse to permit the payment of indemnities.

Suppose that a fleet of hostile airships should hover over Toledo. To save the city from bombs and fire, the municipal authorities might surrender. But the enemy, being only a group of experts, would have no force to land to hold the city and intimidate the inhabitants. Thousands of citizens would refuse to admit the right of the mayor to surrender. The flags would be hauled down, but every chance to pot an aerial sailor would be taken, every chance to smash the vessels of the enemy's fleet seized.

Armies could be blown to atoms by shells fired from the clouds, but yet if war is to have any final result, if there is to be looting, or whatever takes the place of looting in modern warfare; if an admission of defeat is to be forced—then armies and navies, "armed populations," will be necessary. The airship will not save the costs of armed peace, but will add to it.

TARIFF HISTORY-MAKING.

The striking feature of the history of the tariff bill now become a law has been the disintegration of the Democratic party as a national organization having a fixed and definite policy. A platform less than a year old was repudiated. A principle over which political battles had been fought, a principle in the advocacy of which a strong and noble personality was carried into the White House, has been cast aside as a fetish proved hateful.

It is to a party's representatives in congress that dependence must be plac d for the maintenance of policies and the strengthening of forces. When these men cease to advocate measures the party conventions have endorsed and for which the leaders in time of campaign have spoken, then the organization has no excuse for existence. It has, in fact, ceased to be a party. Formation upon new lines might save the party name, but it would seem impossible to save the rank and file. For the average voter is something far different from a politician. He votes as he believes, not as expediency dictates or as personal interest and profit direct.

Senator Aldrich has been quoted as saying that the so-called progressive Republicans must find it necessary to join the Democratic party. This, of course, was a remark intended to belittle the ten insurgent senators. Senator Aldrich doesn't think anything of the sort, for upon what terms of agreement could the Republicans who fought the Aldrich measure join the Democrats who made that measure possible? As members of the minority party the insurgent Republicans would be among as high protectionists as they would be if with Hale and Aldrich. It is more difficult to differentiate the senators from Louisiana and Florida from those of Rhode Island and Massachusetts than to draw a line between senators from Minnesota and South Carolina.

The national Democratic party of 1912—if there is one—will have to go on a still hunt for a battle cry. Will it produce one as artificial and as impotent as free silver and anti-imperialism were?

MOTOR CARS FOR RAILROADS.

The contemptuous attitude of the railroad man to other forms of transportation than steam is undergoing profound modifications. For years he felt superior to the competition of the interurban electric lines. On several roads in the east electric cars run today over tracks which also carry locomotives, fast passenger trains and heavy trains of freight cars.

The Pacific extension of the Milwaukee & St. Paul road is installing electric generators for the purpose of hauling trains through certain of the longer tunnels. Changes of the same kind are being made on the Canadian Pacific railroad. The Great Northern is to receive the benefit of water power developed from a stream near its right of way in the Cascades.

The arrival of the motor car which is to be run upon a western railroad is made the subject of comment by the Chicago newspapers. This is one of four different types of gasoline and gasoline-electric cars which have been seen in that city within a few months. The latest arrival is to be run experimentally on the Rock Island railroad. The Union Pacific, the Santa Fe and the Lake Shore people are quietly testing these motor cars. The experiments are watched with keenness by all operating officers. If the cars prove fast and economical one may look for remarkable alterations in the equipment of the steam roads.

STEALING THE WATERS.

It is estimated that 70,000,000,000,000 cubic feet of water annually flows from the land surfaces of this country into the sea. Less than 1 per cent is restrained and used for municipal needs, less than 2 per cent is utilized for irrigation, about 5 per cent is made useful for navigation and under 5 per cent develops power. From 85 to 95 per cent goes to the oceans in freshet and flood.

A theoretical horsepower of 230,000,000 has been figured from the known water flow of American streams. No more than five and a quarter million of this has been developed. The power available at a cost comparable with steam installation is about 37,000,000. Horsepower of from 75,000,000 to $150,000,000 could be harnessed possibly at but little in excess of the cost of steam plants. About one-fifth of the theoretical horsepower would run every factory, light every city and furnish propulsion for every train and steamship in this country today.

It is evident that the mysterious trust which is said to be gobbling up all the water power of America has its work cut out for it. But let it not be discouraged. There are always a few learned magazine writers who can find the money and the energy and the corruption for any combination, any vile and iniquitous corporation which purposes doing anything. A distressing point about this magazine capital, however, is that it is all on paper.

UNEMPLOYMENT.

The prison commission of the state of New York, commenting upon the increase in the number of admissions to jails and penitentiaries in the year 1908, said:

> Many of the men so committed were simply out of work and out of money; they were not criminals, and needed not punishment, but pity and relief. No public policy requires that such men be sent to prison.

Governments have chosen to ignore the problems of unemployment. They have closed their minds to the dangers or given only partial attention to projects for cure. England, today, finds the army of the unemployed almost beyond coping with. Thousands of men have been without work so long that they no longer desire to work. They have lost all respect for themselves, all sense of responsibility to society and country. From repugnance at being forced to accept charity they have many of them grown to depend upon charity for livelihood. Two or three years of such existence, it has been observed in Britain, will ruin the best of workmen.

Unemployment is a thing which should not be considered a subject for charity alone. The cure must go deeper than soup kitchens and shelter. In this country the perils of masses of unemployed, of men grown spiritless and lost to self-respect, might be a thousand times worse than such conditions in Britain. Another such industrial depression as the one just passing should find the state prepared to make it possible for every man who wishes to work to obtain work.

THE TARIFF COMMISSION.

In theory an advancement will be made in government methods if congress endorses the plans for a tariff commission. An increase of expert knowledge in the federal service ought to redound to the good of the service. But there is a mighty chasm between expertness and its application in our country's administration. Their existence is tolerated, but the advice of those who know things is consistently ignored.

Herbert G. Wells recognized this stupidity of which legislators the world over are seemingly proud. Years ago he wrote:

> The modern democracy * * * conducts its affairs as though there was no such thing as special knowledge, or practical education. The utmost recognition it affords to the man who has taken the pains to know, and specifically to do is occasionally to consult him upon specific points and override his counsels in its ampler wisdom, or to intrust to him some otherwise impossible duty under circumstances f extreme limitation. The man of special equipment is treated always as if he were some sort of curious performing animal.

The difficulties Ericsson had to convince Washington of the merits of heavy ironclads is a matter of history, of shameful history at that. It has been Joseph Cannon's policy to sneer at architects and to support schemes at variance with technical views. The reclamation work, it is suspected, was opposed by him because engineers were enthusiastic for it. Had it been brought forward as a political measure, Mr. Cannon might have thought differently of it. Only a few days ago an attack was made on the International Agricultural Congress called to meet in Rome by the Italian king. The representatives knew nothing at all of what they were talking about, but that did no deter them from pronouncing the congress a "fake" and a "graft." If it had occurred to them to ask for information of the department of agriculture the chances were all against the congressmen considering the information worth respecting. For such is the way of our law makers.

Can it be conceived that Senator Aldrich would accept advice from a tariff commission? Would Payne and Dalzell, Hale and Penrose cease for a moment to feel themselves superior to men trained for their business and deeply learned in its details? The tariff commission has a practical sound about it, but congress is many leagues from the point where things practical and economical can sway it.

BREEDING SECTIONALISM.

There has undoubtedly been too much of an appeal to sectional feelings in the discussion of the tariff bill. It has been a convenient argument to denounce the influence of one part of the country when appealing for the interests of another part. The talk has been loose, inconsiderate of the possible breeding of resentment and of its amplification by demagogues. Yet not all of the sectional jealousies and dislikes are born of the oratory of senators and representatives, lacking ideas. An example of the way in which deep and bitter sectional hatred can be created is in the history of the fight for free hides.

The New England shoe manufacturers brought forward all the influence of their wealth and unquestioned power to obtain free hides. Aldrich was willing, as he always is willing to help manufacturers, but he kept a duty on hides for political trading purposes. The President finally compelled the conference committee to grant New England the cheap raw material desired, but a concession was demanded of lower leather duties so that consumers as well as the shoe manufacturers should be benefited. A provision to this effect was put in the bill. Almost at the last hour this concession was found to be a "joker." The shoe manufacturers would have gained enormously, the consumer not a cent, and the government would have lost revenue. Our plaintive-voiced industries of the Atlantic shore wanted not only the cake they asked for, but were prepared to grab the whole baking. Which, in the Yankee phrase, was "good business." And very excellent also for the drawing of sectional lines.

THE CITIES STILL GROWING.

The last five years have been a decided movement toward the suburbs and the country. The disgust with the big cities as places of dwelling is increasing. The marked sale and popularity of periodicals devoted to suburban and rural existence is a clue to the strength of the feeling against urban residence.

Yet in spite of this turn to the fields and the woods, this simpler life, the cities continue to grow. The school census of Chicago shows a marked increase in population. Boston lays claim to a greater number of residents than it ever had before. New York, it is estimated, receives an accession of 1,000 souls every day, Sundays not excepted. The limit of congestion has probably been reached on Manhattan island, but the boroughs of Richmond, Brooklyn and Queens and the Bronx are taking up this increase. It has been stated recently that it costs between $500,000,000 and $750,000,000 annually to provide homes for the increased population in New York.

The cities have not been hurt by the movement of "back to the soil." They wax hourly. There is growing up a class of people to whom the city is everything, to whom the country is all that is dull and mournful. Counteracting the evils which city life engenders, the loss in physical stamina and moral tone, is the progress in transportation facilities. The great city of the future may be one with a radius of a hundred miles, offering comfortable housing arrangements about the fringes, fresh air and plenty of light, and having factories and mercantile districts concentrated at the center.

OHIO AND THE INCOME TAX.

At the regular session of the Ohio general assembly in January next the proposed amendment to the constitution which will permit the laying of an income tax will be submitted. It is within the power congress to define whether a constitutional convention or the legislature shall pass upon the question. In this instance congress has chosen to leave it with the state legislatures.

The majority of the voters of Ohio are in favor of the income tax. It is extremely important that the views of the people should be impressed upon the assembly. The unholy influence of Cox might be able to cause a rejection of the amendment. Other interests, rich and powerful, will work against it. There will be combinations of wealth to fight it. A strong lobby will doubtless be present.

Nearly all of the members of the legislature who have been asked concerning their position on the income tax have avoided committing themselves, either for or against. This should be sufficient to make the advocates of the tax uneasy. It indicates an indisposition to form a personal opinion. It forecasts a determination to leave the amendment to caucuses, and caucuses, as everyone knows, in Ohio are dominated largely by party bosses.

All political meetings, municipal and township conventions and primaries, between now and the fall elections, should deliver instructions to legislators. The income tax is one that should not be left for Cox and Brown to approve or disapprove, as it suits their private policies and business connections. Ohio must be watchful.

A New Jersey hen, while digging for worms, found $11,000 worth of jewels. There are times when raising chickens pays.

The personal cash memorandum of a Fort Leavenworth soldier is attracting some attention. He accounted for his month's wages as follows: "I spent $6 for booze, $6 on the girls, lost 50 cents on the ball game, and blowed 50 cents foolishly." Nothing like being honest with one's self.

KANSAS FARMS.

Twenty years ago the newspapers of Massachusetts were carrying the advertisements of loan companies and banks recommending the investment of eastern capital in Kansas farm mortgages. Massachusetts had felt a responsibility and pride in Kansas because of the work of the Emigrant Aid society, and Massachusetts money was speeded west. Five years later the eastern newspapers were condemning in the bitterest terms the farmer folk of Kansas and advising against the placing of a penny out there.

Last year the per capita wealth of Kansas was but slightly behind that of Massachusetts. Kansas has just finished reckoning the yield of wheat this year and is now sending forth forecasts of the corn harvest. This, it is estimated, will be close upon 300,000,000 bushels. There is a great outlook for alfalfa. Live stock has been bringing good prices. Other farm products are bringing returns in company with wheat. Kansas may be expected to leap over Massachusetts in the matter of per capita wealth. It will lead all the states then.

The mistake the people of Massachusetts made was in investing in farm mortgages. What they should have done was to buy the farms.

THE SEASON OF SNEEZES.

The bloom is on the ragweed, and in the cooler hollows of the fields the golden-rod is beginning to swish its pollen to the breezes. The ragweed has a modest gracefulness about it that helps out the ornamentation of country roads considerably. The golden-rod is prodigal with its loveliness and brings up images of fauns and wood nymphs and of the "oars of Ithica that dip so silently into the sea."

But the ragweed and golden-rod, as eloquent of sweet wildness as they are in looks, are the very mischief to many thousands of town-bred folks who can breathe smoke and alley stenches and never be bothered, yet whose sensitive olfactories and eyes become afflictions the moment the first pollen blows. The encyclopedias say that hay fever is a nervous affection, which ought to be a great source of satisfaction to sufferers, since nervousness is an ailment of which the most exclusive society people like to boast. The books further inform us that the best thing for hay fever is removal to the mountains and the seashore. Now it is possible for a few persons in every community to flit to the mountains and the seashore whenever the first sneeze sneezes, which is a great relief to the responsibility of the local doctors. But the majority of hay feverers must stay at home and weep and sniffle and curse. For them the seashore and the mountains are as unattainable—in their moments of keenest vibration—as an atmosphere of romance. Let those who can travel, travel, but for the martyrs at home we extend our heartfelt sympathy. For every wheeze we offer condolence. Above all, we join our voices to the denunciation of the thoughtless who come in from an afternoon in the country with arms loaded with goldenrod.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

Our friends of the universities, the astronomical observatories and the geological surveys hold happy positions of aloofness among toiling and striving humanity, yet they have their moments of despair. They have figured to the nicety of a million or so of years when the earth shall become uninhabited by reason of the loss of water, the cooling of the sun and the rubbing off of the atmosphere amid the spaces of infinity. Yet, though their information is the most authoritative there is, unofficial prophets continue to terrify entire countrysides with predictions of the early destruction of the world.

American enjoys the heaviest trade in forecasts of this fearsome character. The number of the inspired is larger, per state, than in areas of the same size in Europe. Weeping multitudes have stood upon hilltops awaiting the trumpet call, have, after a while, dried their tears, yanked their playing children to their feet and fled from the sight of hooting unbelievers. Maps and charts, strange dreams and creaking floors, table-rappings and the fancied discovery of cryptograms in the Scriptures have been good for pilgrimages and collection. But the end of the world has still been unavoidably detained. Prophets have folded their tents and silently stole away—and if this was all they stole there was reason for rejoicing.

If irritation ruffles the temper of the professors, because their own careful calculations serve so little to relieve their fellow creatures of uneasiness and dismay, they should remember the words of Uncle Peter Sanderson, "Folks," he said, "would find life mighty dull if they couldn't git a skeer thrown into 'em about ever so often."

WHERE SECRECY IS FOOLISH.

Among the things which the army and navy have never learned is perfect candor. They have developed a crust which they think is impervious to the eyes of the world outside them. A sort of Chinese wall has been raised to protect those within the commissioned circle. The wall has been pretty well shot full of holes. The Sutton case is not a typical army or navy crime—if this proves to be a crime—as the few crimes of the services go. But it is a typical case of scandal hiding. When an offense against the law occurs army officers and navy officers feel compelled to exert every power and influence to keep the news of it from the public. Borrowing a phrase of a famous English trial they talk of "lying like gentlemen." Where misinformation is not given to the press, an air of excessive dignity is assumed and an attempt is made to cause reporters to feel their utter inferiority. One can almost see them walk about with finger upon lip. Court-martials and inquiries lend their aid to the custom of suppression. War department administrations have thought that scandal was buried forever because the reports were locked up in secret archives.

There is no greater stimulant to public curiosity than a mystery. Frankness would save the army and navy from many a worry and heartache, but so long as each thinks itself a family with a family's need to keep skeletons tightly locked up, they will continue to suffer as a whole for the offenses of individuals.

The Weatherman.

The weather man in his domain
Is lord of all, you bet;
He knows the days that will be dry
And those that will be wet.
He gives the crank another twist,
He peels his weather eye,
Looks at the rise and setting sun,
The color of the sky.

The clouds roll up in masses black,
He takes a peep again;
We'll have a ripper, boys, this time,
'Twill be a dimmicane.
You see that "low" is moving fast,
The "high" close in its rear.
'Twill rip and tear in its advance
Like a new-made keg of beer.

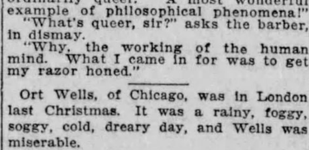
Get in your cellars, my dear friends,
Your precious lives to save;
I've notified all crafts in port
That plow that rolling wave.
Lash the cook to the kitchen stove,
The captain to the mast,
The sailors to the anchor fluke,
Until the storm has passed.

Down on your knees, you sinners,
Who have never knelt before.
Get down behind the bed-post,
Or hide behind the door.
For I never, hardly ever,
Miss it, don't you see?
And the storm as advertised will come,
On land and on the sea.

The great rains fell a thimbleful,
The wind six knots or more;
Come up, come up, from there, my friends,
The fearful storm is o'er.
A tempest in a teapot
The great storm proved to be;
There was no ripping on the land
Or tearing on the sea.

They came out with their guns then,
And others with a rail,
To give the weather man a ride,
Because he never fails.
They looked about both high and low;
On mischief they were bound;
But the weather man had disappeared,
And he could not be found.
P. S.—He went home soon after and died.

—F. E. Hamel.



Saturday Evening Post.

They brought a covey of Filipinos to this country before the St. Louis Fair, some of them for exhibition purposes and some of them to be shown how friendly this country is to the "Little Brown Brother," these latter being men of consequence back home.

The visiting Filipinos were welcomed to all our fair cities, after this government had provided them with high hats and frock coats, and, in the course of time, reached Washington, where they were received at the White House. Many people were bidden to meet the Filipinos; among the crowd, diplomats. Two who came were a commander in the Japanese navy, who was naval attache at the Japanese embassy, and Second Secretary Hanihara.

"See here," said a western senator, who was wandering about, putting his hand on the naval man's shoulder, "do you speak English?"

"I do, sir," replied the attache politely.

"Well, tell me, my good fellow," patronized the western senator, "are your people in sympathy with the Japanese in this row with Russia?"

"Yes, sir; I can assure you my people are in sympathy with the Japanese."

"Well, now, I thought so," rambled the western senator. "I kind of had an idea that all you slant-eyed and colored folks hung together and sympathized with Japan. Perfectly natural, I should say. Full sympathy, eh?"

The Japanese naval attache was standing stiff as a ramrod, glowering at the western senator. "In full sympathy, sir," he said. "In positive accord. Here is my card, sir."

And he stalked out of the room, while the dazed western senator gazed at the card and didn't know what he had done until someone explained to him, kindly and with much labor, that he couldn't have done anything much worse to a Japanese than to mistake him for a Filipino, unless, indeed, he had mistaken him for a Chinese.

Puck.

The professor steps into the barber's chair and assumes an attitude of deep meditation.

"Hair cut, sir?"

"Please!" The barber cuts his hair.

"Like a shampoo?"

"Um—please!" He gets the shampoo.

"Shave you, sir?"

"Um—yes!" One shave.

"Massage?" He nods assent, and consequently is massaged. The barber removes the towel, the professor arises, and mechanically takes the proffered check.

"What's this?"

"Your check, sir."

"My check?"

"Certainly, sir. Hair cut, shampoo, shave and massage."

The professor rubs his hand over face and head.

"Did I get all that?"

"Surely, sir."

"It's queer—very queer—most extraordinarily queer. A most wonderful example of philosophical phenomena!"

"What's queer, sir?" asks the barber, in dismay.

"Why, the working of the human mind. What I came in for was to get my razor honed."

Ort Wells, of Chicago, was in London last Christmas. It was a rainy, foggy, soggy, cold, dreary day, and Wells was miserable.

He wandered for hours around his hotel trying to find a friend and not succeeding, and, finally landed at an American bar, where he sat gloomily before a tiny cannel-coal fire.

There were no others in the barroom except the barmaid. She tried to cheer up Wells.

"Rather nawsty today, sir," she said.

"Rotten," Wells replied.

"Don't look much like a Merry Christmas around here, does it, sir?"

"I should say not."

"Cawn't you do something to cheer up a bit? We might have a little singsong. Do you know any carols, sir?"

"Sure," sighed Wells; "I was in the American Ice deal with Johnny."

Lamar (Mo.) Democrat.

Not long ago a young woman down in these parts was walking along the street arrayed in a faultless spring suit that fitted like a glove over one of the new hipless corsets, when she dropped her pocketbook. She stood gazing mournfully at it, wondering how on earth she'd ever pick it up, when down the street came a bright young man. "Get down on your hands and knees and you can pick it up, Gwendolyn," he said, as he passed on.

Chicago Tribune.

"Father," said the young college student, unfolding a sheet of paper, "here is a careful estimate of what I shall have to tax you for my expenses next term."

"All right, John."

The elder man took the sheet of paper and looked over it.

Then he began making marks on it with a pencil.

"What are you doing, father?" asked the young man, uneasily.

"I'm revising it downward, my son," answered the other, continuing to make marks with his pencil.

Saturday evening Post.

Tom Reed met John Sharp Williams in a corridor of the capitol. "John," said Reed, "tell me why you are such a violent partisan?"

"Tell me why you are such a violent parsounds well, coming from you."

"Never mind that," persisted Reed. "Tell me why you ahe such a violent partisan?"

"Well," said John Sharp, "I guess it is because I was born in Tennessee and never saw a Republican until I was 38 years old, and I can't get used to them."

Circle.

A prosperous farmer sent his son to New York to begin life as a clerk. After he had been in the metropolis for six months the farmer wrote to the merchant to ascertain how his son was getting along and where he spent his nights. In due time the merchant sent a reply to the farmer which read:

"Your son sleeps in the store in the daytime. I don't know where he spends his nights."

Shortly after the late Bishop Potter, of New York, married Mrs. Clark, of Cooperstown, his wife came to him and said: "My dear, I think I shall ask your daughter to call me Elizabeth, by my first name. It seems odd to have her call me Mrs. Potter, and I am not her mother, you know."

The bishop revolved the matter in his mind. "I think I wouldn't, my dear," he replied, "for it might lead one of your sons to call me Hank."

Varieties

Eighty flights is about the life of a balloon.

Bank notes were first issued in China 2697 B. C.

Three-fourths of typhoid patients are under thirty.

No race is safe from cholera. It is deadliest to negroes.

An international weather code will soon be in use the world over.

Great Britain has 500,000 horses available for the purposes of warfare.

Corn is our greatest crop, the value being valued at $1,616,000,000.

In Madagascar every one wears silk, which is cheaper there than linen.

Bees sometimes fly two miles from the hive and find their way back without difficulty.

Recent experiments seem to indicate that bees have the homing instinct of the pigeon.

Plans are being made for the electrification of the more important state railways of Sweden.

Traveling cooking schools are being sent out all over the German empire by the government.

Dogs, horses, cattle, mice, even sheep have cancer. In Tunis and Abyssinia cancer is unknown.

Leprosy is the only exclusively human germ disease. It is impossible to give it to any other animal.

The total continental area of the United States, including Alaska, is about equal to that of all Europe.

Germany utilizes 20 per cent. of her water power; Switzerland, 25 per cent.; France only 11 per cent.

Many thieves were stolen alive from the icecross by friends, and that is why Russia ordered their legs broken.

The British museum possesses a chair—the throne of Queen Hatasu—which was in use some 3,500 years ago.

In the hold of one of the trans-Atlantic steamers there were recently twenty tons of ostrich feathers.

Over three thousand pounds of rose petals are used in the manufacture of one pound of attar or roses perfume.

The salmon output of Alaska equals the combined catch of British Columbia, the United States proper and Japan.

Taking the average for the world around fewer than half of the babies born live to be fifty years of age.

The Kohinoor diamond originally weighed eight hundred karats, but by successive cuttings it has been reduced to 186 karats.

Liquid gas manufacture and commercial utilization in Bavaria and Switzerland is successful, according to a consular report.

Morning milk is the best for baking, fresher and few germs than the previous night's milk, but slightly weaker in cream.

After working for Heathcoat & Co., lace manufacturers, of Tiverton, England, for seventy-one years, William Huxtable has just retired.

The importation of lobsters into the United States in 1908 amounted to 4,111,000 pounds, valued at $1,401,449. Most of these came from Canada.

It was asserted at the annual meeting of the London Mendicity society that the total number of begging letters in possession of the society was 238,938.

After a long study of school children in London, the Medical Record says, Dr. Harman finds nothing to show that present schooling hurts children's eyes.

In sympathy with the world-wide decline of business, the traffic of the Suez canal fell to 2,795 vessels last year, a decline of 472, as compared with the previous year.

The Radium institute, of Heidelberg, to be opened before the end of the year, will be the first if its kind to begin active work, as an endowment has been raised for it.

After having been in use since 1783, the Testament used at the Essex assizes court at Sheimsford (England) has now been replaced by a new one, the gift of E. North Buxton.

While the seeds of the darowa, an East Africa leguminius tree, are extensively used for food, the pods and leaves form an excellent cement when mixed with crushed stone.

Doctor ants do incredible cures—if they were not vouched for by Huber, Lubbock and others. They baths and sun the sick, put them to bed and show more humanity than most folk.

It is quite likely that the International commission will recommend the construction of a dam across the iNagara river at Buffalo to raise the level of Lake Erie. The work will cost $5,000,000.

The bottle that keeps its contents hot or cold for hours was no catchpenny invention. The glass vacuum jacket was first devised by Lord Dewar in 1886 for his experiments in liquefying air and gases.

Poison from eating vanilla sauces or ice cream thus flavored is not unknown. Vanilline favors the growth of certain poisonous germs. Vanilla sauces and ice cream should be eaten when first cooled or frozen.

Lucerne is to be sole airship station for Switzerland, and a station house is to be erected at a cost of 700,000 francs. It is hoped soon to establish regular communication between this town and Friedrichshafen.

In raising thed isplacement of its battleships to 26,000 tons, the United States government has produced a ship which far exceeds the largest contemporary battleships built or building of any foreign navy.

Olive trees live 4,000 years. Some trees on Mount Olivet are 3,000 years old. The largest olive ranch in the world is at Los Angeles, Cal.; ten times bigger than any in Spain. Olive groves in California were planted by Spanish fathers seven hundred years ago.

It is reported from France that it is proposed to manufacture fuel from peat under a new patented process in the peaty district on the borders of the Charente Inferieure and Deux Sevres departments. The fuel produced experimentally is said to be of good quality.

At the Pekin Palace Dog association show, held in London, Mrs. Crossley's China dog Chu-Ear took Mr. Pierpont Morgan's prize of 100 guineas. Mrs. Cross refused a check for $25,000 offered for the little Chink—about $500 an ounce. Plenty of dogs in China, but this was a perfect palace pup.

In the island of Savaii, in the Samoan group, during an August night in the year 1905, there arose from the midst of a peaceful cocoa plantation a volcano that in the four years of its life still ceaseless activity had sent forth more molten lava than has any other volcano of which there is any record.

An expert in mechanics who comes in frequent contact with inventors says that there are not fewer than five hundred men in New York City experimenting with flying machines, and that while most of them are working on impossible projects, some of them are likely to develop valuable ideas.

That pear tree with which Count Zeppelin's airship lately came in collision has been sold to an ebonist of Stuttgart. This artist proposes to work the tree up and sell the articles as souvenirs of the event in the form of backs for books, pin trays and rulers. Counterfeits of the same nature are already on the market.

There is a large demand in Germany for American apples, and it can be increased by intelligent effort on the part of American packers and shippers. There is also a considerable demand in Denmark, Norway and Sweden, now satisfied by the wholesale importers at Hamburg, where practically the whole of the business is centered.

One of the biggest official flag factories in the world is in the Brooklyn nav

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

From the latest Paris and New York Styles.

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

2904—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with long or seven-eighths length sleeves. A very pretty model for fine lawn or batiste trimmed with insertion of Valenciennes lace. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2990—Ladies' Waist or Lining, in any one of three lengths, with front or back closing, and high neck or low or Dutch round or square neck. Adaptable to any desired material. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

2098—Girls' Dress, with Plaited Skirt. The model here illustrated was developed in bright red cashmere. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2989—Girls' Dress, with high or low neck and long or elbow sleeve. Heavy linen, duck, serge or mohair are all adaptable to this neat little every-day frock. 5 sizes—6 to 14 years.

3007—Ladies' Six-Gored Skirt, closing at left side, back seam, and having yoke at sides. As a separate skirt or as part of a suit this is an excellent model for serge, mohair, Panama cloth or broadcloth. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2557—Ladies' Six-Gored Skirt, closing with buttons down the front, and with an inverted box-plait at the back or in habit style. A good model for serge, mohair, Panama cloth or cheviot. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

3013—Ladies' Dress Sleeves. Adaptable to any material. 6 sizes, for 32 to 42 bust.

2622—Girls' Dress, closing at back. Heavy linen, serge, or cashmere make up well in this style. 5 sizes—6 to 14 years.

3008—Ladies' Princess Jumper Dress, with Guimpe. Navy blue taffeta was used for this model worn over a guimpe of all-over cream colored lace. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

3011—Misses' Princess Dress, with a Removable Chemisette. Dotted foulard in any desired shade makes up pretty in this charming model. 4 sizes—14 to 17 years.

2904—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with long or seven-eighths length sleeves. Pale blue dimity trimmed with embroidery insertion was used in the development of this waist. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2384—Misses' Tucked Shirt Waist, closing at back and with long or three-quarter length sleeves. Any of the season's shirtings are adaptable to this model. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2995—Girls' Dress, with long or three-quarter sleeves and with or without bretelles. A charming little model for party wear developed in any sheer material. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2672—Boys' Russian Suit, consisting of a tucked blouse with sleeves plaited at bottom or finished with wristbands, and knickerbockers Adaptable to heavy linen, duck, serge, or flannel. 5 sizes—2 to 6 years.

2156—Ladies' Gored Circular Skirt, with or without center-front seam and in round or ankle length. Dark blue flannel with a narrow white stripe was used for this stylish skirt. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2984—Ladies' Six-Gored Skirt, closing under an inverted box-plait at center back seam, and in short sweep or round length. A good model for any of the season's suitings. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2157—Child's Dress, with Guimpe. A pretty little frock for challis, serge or cashmere. 4 sizes—3 to 9 years.

2288—Infants' Petticoat and Pinning Blanket. Canton flannel should be used for the pinning blanket, while any of the sheer white materials are adaptable to the petticoat. One size.

2991—Misses' Semi-Fitting Coat, in three-quarter length. A good model for any of the season's coatings. 3 sizes—12 to 16 years.

1908—Ladies' Work Apron. Checked or striped gingham, duck or chambray are all used for this useful house garment. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

FEAR HEAVY SEAS

Big Steamer Goes Ashore Off the Coast of South Africa.

Capetown, South Africa, August 5.—The British steamer Maori foundered last night off Slang bay. It is feared that the fatalities will be heavy, as the vessel carried a large number of passengers. Nine survivors have thus far been landed, and six bodies already have been washed up on the beach.

Another Steamer Missing.

Capetown, August 5.—Under orders from the British admiralty, two warships were dispatched to search for the steamship Waratah, carrying 300 passengers, which is now nine days overdue in her trip from Durban to Capetown.

The trip requires only two days, and it is considered almost certain that the Waratah went down in the cyclone that swept the coast the second day she was out.

This belief is strengthened by the fact that no incoming ship reports seeing any disabled vessel or wreckage from such a ship.

Another On the Rocks.

St. Davids, Wales, August 5.—A large steamer ran on the submerged rocks under St. Davids' head last night in a heavy fog, and she is still fast this morning.

The vessel later was identified as the British steamer Langton Grange, Captain Graves, from Liverpool. Her engine room and several of her holds are full of water.

A lifeboat is standing by the steamer.

GUN IS TOO DAINTY

Woman's Tiny Bullet Fails to Harm Enemy.

New York, August 4.—There was a shooting affray in the Waldorf-Astoria yesterday in which a woman and a man figured. The woman did the shooting; the man's life was saved by a fountain pen, which deflected the bullet.

With characteristic femininity, the woman used a 22-calibre revolver and the bullet, after striking a silver fountain pen, inflicted a slight flesh wound and dropped harmlessly in the man's coat pocket.

The principals in the affair, which caused quite a stir in the crowded Waldorf, are Mrs. Mary A. Castle, 36, a decidedly good-looking matron, and William D. Craig, a lawyer.

Craig, who is a member of the Rocky Mountain club, which has a suite of rooms in the hotel, was on his way to the club rooms to dress for dinner. Mrs. Castle, who had been waiting for him, tried to detain him, but Craig shook off the woman and went to the elevator.

Mrs. Castle kept pace with him and as he was about to step into the elevator she shot at him when the muzzle of the little revolver was within an inch of his coat.

When detectives arrived the woman was sitting on a lounge weeping hysterically. Taken to a police station, she said she was an insurance agent, and had a brother, Captain Henry Scott, stationed at Fort Morgan near Mobile, Ala. She pointed to Craig, who was standing nearby, and after pleading for him to forgive her, said:

"He is the cause of my trouble. He has thrown me over."

Craig said that he would press the charge against the woman.

NEW PENNIES MAKE TROUBLE

Too Thick to Fit in Many of the Coin Machines.

Washington, August 4.—The Lincoln pennies are not making as great a hit as the treasury officials had hoped for. Artists have always declared that a penny superior in design to the Indian penny could not be turned out, and it is claimed that the Lincoln penny is a practical demonstration of that statement.

The new pennies are being subjected to criticism by others than artists. It was first discovered at the treasury that they did not stack up as well as the Indian coins.

The most serious objection to them, however, is that they are thicker than the old coins. Institutions which use coin machines have already begun complaining that the new pennies do not fit the machines.

WOULD CLOSE ALL OFFICES

Congressman Wants Nation to Recognize State Holidays.

Washington, August 4.—A bill providing that the federal government shall participate in state legal holidays, by closing all its offices within a state on any day set aside by that state as a legal holiday, has been introduced by Representative Kahn, of California.

One of the effects of the measure would be to compel offices of the federal government to close on the birthday anniversaries of certain Confederate officers which are observed as legal holidays in some of the southern states.

TURKEY PLANS ULTIMATUM

Will Demand Recall of Greek Officers in Crete.

Constantinople, August 4.—The Ottoman minister at Athens will present a note to the Greek government, couched in friendly terms, but practically demanding the recall of the Greek officers serving in Crete.

This concession is considered necessary in order to calm public feeling in Turkey, where the agitation against Greece is becoming dangerous. A Turkish fleet also may be sent to cruise in Cretan waters. There is much doubt in diplomatic circles whether Greece will consent to the recall of the officers in Crete.

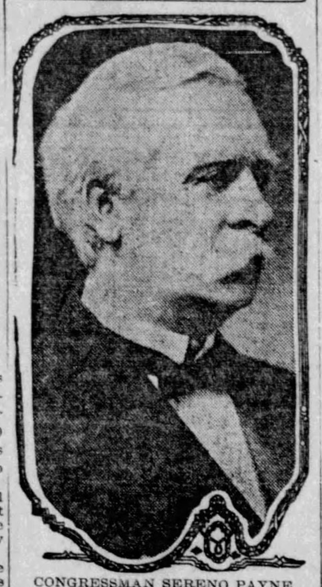
PASTOR GIVES LIFE IN VAIN

Is Drowned With Boy He Tries to Save.

New London, Conn., August 4.—Rev. H. L. Mitchell, rector of the Episcopal church at Plymouth, Conn., and Clarence Blakeslee, organist of the same church, were drowned in Fishers Island Sound yesterday. The clergyman lost his life trying to save the boy.

Mr. Mitchell had been camping and Blakeslee was one of a party of six boys he had taken out in a catboat. Blakeslee was knocked overboard by the boom and the minister went after him, but neither reappeared again.

His Bill Now Law



CONGRESSMAN SERENO PAYNE.

TURKEY WANTS WAR

Seeks Chance for New Attack on Greece.

Saloniki, August 4.—Turkey is preparing for hostilities in case her note to Greece does not receive a more definite and friendly reply than was given yesterday. Forty thousand troops have been ordered to hold themselves in readiness to embark. The government has contracted with three steamship companies for the transportation of troops and munitions of war. The whole nation is aroused. Excitement here and at Constantinople is intense.

It is generally felt that everything depends upon the answer of the four protecting powers to the intimation of Greece that the affair is in their hands, and, therefore, it is a matter which she cannot discuss with the Turkish government.

The Greek flag is still flying in Crete.

Greece Makes Reply.

Constantinople, August 5.—Greece has replied to the Turkish note presented yesterday, which, although couched in friendly terms, practically demands the recall of the Greek officers serving in Crete, to the effect that the question is in the hands of the four protecting powers of Crete, with whose knowledge and consent the officers in question were sent to the island. Turkey is appealing to the four powers and she intimates that her friendly request to Greece will be followed, unless satisfaction is obtained, by a more energetic demand.

The report that Turkey has dispatched transports, with troops on board, to Crete is denied today, but it seems probable that the Turkish fleet now maneuvering in the neighborhood of Rhodes will proceed to the Cretan waters. In this event, the British admiral, Sir Douglas Gamble, in command of the fleet, would hand over his charge to a Turkish admiral. Sir Douglas, a British officer, has been engaged, with the permission of his government, to reorganize the Ottoman navy.

PRISON AND DEGRADATION

This Is the Sentence of Russian Officer Who Embezzled.

Sebastopol, Russia, August 4.—Lieutenant Aquilonoff, who was in command of the Russian submarine Kambala when this vessel was sunk off Sebastopol last June by collision with the battleship Rostislav, with the loss of twenty members of her crew, has been sentenced to five years' penal servitude, the loss of all his rights and degradation from his rank on a charge of embezzling naval funds.

The indictment against the lieutenant was drawn before the foundering of the Kambala. The newspapers today accuse Aquilonoff of intentionally issuing the order that resulted in the collision between the submarine and the battleship, for the distinct purpose of hushing up the embezzlement charges.

CRUSHED SITTING AT DESK

Eight Tons of Iron Falls on Young Clerk.

Fitchfield, Mass., August 4.—William P. Mitchell, a graduate of Brown university, this year, was killed by eight tons of pig iron, which broke through a ceiling and fell upon him at his desk in the office of the Stanley Electric Manufacturing company. The iron had been stored in a room over the office. Mitchell was a general athlete at Brown.

ON FOOD

The Right Foundation of Health.

Proper food is the foundation of health. People can eat improper food for a time until there is a sudden collapse of the digestive organs, then all kinds of trouble follows.

The proper way out of the difficulty is to shift to the pure, scientific food, Grape-Nuts, for it rebuilds from the foundation up. A New Hampshire woman says:

"Last summer I was suddenly taken with indigestion and severe stomach trouble and could not eat food without great pain, my stomach was so sore I could hardly move about. This kept up until I was so miserable life was not worth living.

"Then a friend finally, after much argument, induced me to quit my former diet and try Grape-Nuts.

"Although I had but little faith I commenced to use it and great was my surprise to find that I could eat it without the usual pain and distress in my stomach.

"So I kept on using Grape-Nuts and soon a marked improvement was shown, for my stomach was performing its regular work in a normal way without pain or distress.

"Very soon the yellow coating disappeared from my tongue, the dull, heavy feeling in my head disappeared and my mind felt light and clear; the languid, tired feeling left, and altogether I felt as if I had been rebuilt. Strength and weight came back rapidly and I went back to my work with renewed ambition.

"Today I am a new woman in mind as well as body and I owe it all to this natural food, Grape-Nuts." "There's a Reason."

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

NEW TARIFF IS LAW

President Signs the Measure and Declares It Is All Right.

Washington, D. C., August 6.—Precisely at 5:07 yesterday afternoon President Taft took a fountain pen from the hand of Representative Payne, of New York, and signed the tariff bill. This bill, worked upon for months, and in the end the handiwork of President Taft, is now a law. The long fight has come to an end. There is no question here but that the tariff has been revised downward. Both branches of congress adjourned sine die at 6 o'clock.

President Taft left the White House about 4:20, and went to his room in the capitol. He knew what was in the bill, and he was prepared to sign it as soon as it should be presented. When Mr. Payne handed the measure to the President, the former proffered a fountain pen. The President had a moment of perplexity.

"I said I'd use this pen," he said, exhibiting one given him by the clerk of the senate. At length he signed "William H. Taft" with Mr. Payne's pen, and then "Approved August 5, 1909, W. H. T." with the clerk's pen. That solved his difficulty.

Senate Takes Action.

The senate agreed to the conference report by a vote of 47 to 31. The following Republicans stood out against the measure: Beveridge, Bristow, Cummins, Clapp, Dolliver, Nelson and LaFollette.

Shortly after this the concurrent resolution which was to kill the so-called "joker" in the hides schedule came up. Several attempts were made to tack amendments to this, but Mr. Aldrich steered it through without change by making motions to lay amendments upon the table. Mr. McCumber did succeed in getting through a second concurrent resolution in regard to the drawback on linseed oil and cotton bagging. But as soon as this came to the house, Mr. Payne had it referred to the committee on ways and means, where it will pass away. The concurrent resolution fixing up the hides "joker" was adopted in the house with a yell. There was no call for a division.

The house stole twenty-two minutes from the adjournment time by turning the clock ahead when its hands marked only 5:38. The senate waited till 5:58. Mr. Sherman then said he hoped everybody would be well and happy during the interim. He followed Mr. Cannon by just twenty minutes in this expression of good will.

Taft Approves Measure.

After affixing his signature to the bill President Taft gave out the following signed statement:

"I have signed the Payne tariff bill because I believe it to be the result of a sincere effort on the part of the Republican party to make a downward revision and to comply with the promises of the platform as they have been generally understood and as interpreted in the campaign before the election. The bill is not a perfect tariff bill, nor a complete compliance with the promises made, strictly interpreted, but a fulfillment free from criticism in respect to a subject matter involving many schedules and thousands of articles could not be expected. It suffices to say that except with regard to whisky, liquors and wines, and in regard to silks and as to some high classes of cotton—all of which may be treated as luxuries and proper subjects of a revenue tariff—there have been very few increases in rates. There have been a great number of real decreases, and they constitute a sufficient amount to justify the statement that this bill is a substantial downward revision, and a reduction of excessive rates.

No Free Trade Bill Intended.

"This is not a free trade bill. It was not intended to be. The Republican party did not promise to make a free trade bill. It promised to make the rates protective, but to reduce them when they exceeded the difference between the cost of production abroad and here, making allowance for the greater normal profit on active investments here. I believe that while this excess has not been reduced in a number of cases, in a great majority the rates are such as are necessary to protect American industries, but are low enough, in case of abnormal increase of demand and raising of prices, to permit the possibility of the importation of the foreign articles, and thus to prevent excessive prices.

"The power granted to the executive under the maximum and minimum clause may be exercised to secure the removal of obstacles which have been interposed by foreign governments in the way of undue and unfair discrimination against American merchandise and products.

Better Opportunity to Act.

"The administration clauses of the bill and the customs court are admirably adapted to secure a more uniform and a more speedy final construction of the meaning of the law. The authority to the President to use agents to assist him in the application of the maximum and minimum section of the statute and to enable officials to administer the law, gives a wide latitude for the acquisition, under circumstances favorable to its truth, of information in respect to the price and cost of production of goods at home and abroad, which will throw much light upon the operation of the present tariff and be of primary importance as officially collected data upon which future executive action and executive recommendations may be based.

"The corporation tax is a just and equitable excise measure, which it is hoped will produce a sufficient amount to prevent a deficit, and which incidentally will secure valuable statistics and information concerning the many corporations of the country, and will constitute an important step towards that degree of publicity and regulation which the tendency in corporate enterprises in the last twenty years has shown to be necessary."

SEIZE ANOTHER SHARON CHILD

This One Is "Kidnaped" by Her Own Sister.

Sharon, Pa., August 4.—Rosella Neff, 8 years old, was kidnaped from the home of her grandparents supposedly by an older sister. The woman is said to have started west with the child. The chief of police here communicated with the Cleveland authorities, ordering the arrest of the woman if she was located in that city. The sister lives in Kansas.

HORSE WILL HAVE MONUMENT

Women Friends Raising Funds for Dead Equine.

Wilmington, Del., August 4.—Ione, the big ambulance horse of the Phoenix fire company, which dropped dead while hurrying to a hospital with a wounded man, is not to be forgotten, for the women who live in the vicinity of the fire company's headquarters have started a fund with which to erect a monument to the horse's memory.

The animal was very intelligent, and was a great favorite with the women, who frequently went to see the horse in the stall and fed it sugar. They now propose to set up a suitable monument over the horse's grave, and numerous contributions to the fund already have been received.

Fat People's Summer Dangers.

Reduce One Pound Daily. Improve in Health and Appearance.

Heat Prostration, Sunstroke or Apoplexy causing quick Death or followed by Softening of the Brain, Heart Disease, Stomach Cramps, Food Poisoning, Severe Bowel Disorders, General Debility and Complete Lacking of Vital Energy are a few of the serious troubles which are most liable to come upon the fat man or woman during warm, humid weather. Apart from these dangerous disorders, there are numerous lesser yet distressing ailments such as skin rash, chafing, offensive perspiration, nervousness, headaches, flatulency, etc. Hot weather is very weakening and depressing for fat people; it is seldom possible to be really contented. It is difficult to work, think or enjoy one's self. The body becomes even larger, the fat is packed-in more tightly than ever, around the vital organs and dangerous trouble is thereby stored up for the future. Fat people die 10 to 40 years too soon. Reliable statistics of medical authorities and of leading insurance companies prove that overstout people die much earlier than those who are thin or of normal weight. Obesity (corpulency) is an acknowledged disease. It ruins health, figure, complexion, temper and peace of mind. It never cures itself but becomes worse as the person grows older. The time to check its progress and get rid of superfluous fat is now. Mine is the reliable, safe and quick home treatment. I have thousands of testimonials; here are a few:

MRS. FRANCES V. RADER, HOCKSPRING, MO., writes: "I feel fine, have lost 50 lbs., my rheumatism is also cured."

MRS. I. E. WILLIAMS, LONGSTRETH, O., writes: "Your treatment has helped me wonderfully, I have lost 80 lbs."

M. E. KING, 5634 SPAULDING AVE., CHICAGO, writes: "Seven years ago I took your treatment and lost 50 lbs. Since which time I have not gained any." A permanent reduction cure. Many other testimonials accompany my Proof Treatment.

MISS G. MEYER, DYERSVILLE, IOWA, writes: "My waist measure has been reduced 6 inches; all superfluous fat is gone."

S. J. MICKLEY, 225 FIFTH ST., PORTLAND, ORE., writes: "I was your patient several years ago and am still at the normal weight to which I was reduced." SUMMER IS THE BEST SEASON FOR FAT REDUCTION.

FATNESS SHORTENS LIFE!

FREE Treatment

I know the merits of my method so well that I will send a proof treatment free. No starvation; you can eat any kind of food or drink any kind of beverage you like. No tiresome exercising. Absolutely no dangerous drugs. Mine is a modern, scientific, successful, guaranteed system. In many cases weight reduction is one pound daily. Correspondence and treatment sent confidential, nobody need know what is reducing your size and improving your appearance unless you choose to tell. Ladies will find mine an unequalled beautifying method; double-chin and wrinkles disappear. Weight reduction is permanent. Remember, you pay nothing for proof treatment; it is free to fat people, (men or women) for the asking. Sent anywhere. Write to-day and you will receive by return mail my FREE TREATMENT, also my GUARANTEE and my very interesting BOOK ON OBESITY, showing how to quickly and safely reduce your weight to normal without losing a moment's time from your regular occupation. *I am a regular registered physician of New York State.* Address:

H. O. BRADFORD, M. D., 20 East 22d St., N 91, New York, N. Y.

FORTUNES TO WASTE

Roosevelt Regrets Captains of Industry Have Not Discovered Africa.

Nairobi, British East Africa, August 4.—Theodore Roosevelt and his son, Kermit, were guests of honor at a public banquet given in Nairobi last night. Frederick J. Jackson, governor of British East Africa, was chairman, and 179 persons sat at the table. Captain Sanderson, the town clerk of Nairobi, read an address of welcome to the former President of the United States and afterwards handed him the address inclosed in a section of elephant tusk mounted in silver and with a silver chain. The American residents of the protectorate presented Mr. Roosevelt a tobacco box made of the hoof of a rhinoceros, silver mounted, the skull of a rhinoceros, also mounted in silver, and a buffalo head.

Mr. Roosevelt, in reply to the toast proposed by Governor Jackson, said:

Pleased With Country.

"I wish to take this oportunity to thank the people of British East Africa for their generous and courteous hospitality. I have had a thorough good time. I am immensely interested in the country and its possibilities as an abode for white men. Very large tracts are fit for a fine population and healthy and prosperous settlements, and it would be a calamity to neglect them. But the settlers must be of the right type.

"I believe that one of the best feats performed by members of the white race in the last ten years is the building of the Uganda railroad. I am convinced that this country has a great agricultural and commercial future, and it is the most attractive playground in the world. It most certainly presents excellent openings for capitalists and ample inducements should be offered them to come here. The home maker and actual settler and not the speculator should be encouraged in making this a white man's country.

Must Treat Blacks Justly.

"Remember that righteousness, and not real self-interest, demands that the blacks be treated justly. I have no patience with sentimentalists, and I think that sentimentality does more harm to individuals than brutality. Therefore, I believe in helping the missionary, of whatever creed, who is laboring sincerely and disinterestedly with practical good sense.

"It is natural that I should have a peculiar feeling for the settlers. They remind me of men in our west with whom I worked and in whose aspirations I so deely sympathize."

Mr. Roosevelt drew a comparison of the conditions as he had found them in British East Africa with those that confronted the pioneers of western America.

LIGHTNING KILLS SCIENTIST

Bolt Hits Him While He Is Flying Kite.

Christiana, Norway, August 4.—Captain Engelstad, of the Norwegian navy, met death by lightning yesterday. He was taking meterological observations during a thunder storm, and happening to touch the winch holding the copper wire attached to the kite, which was 1,000 yards high, he was struck dead on the spot.

Captain Engelstad was an officer of high scientific attainments. He was to have commanded the polar exploration ship Fram on the coming Amundsen polar expedition.

IRRIGATION CONGRESS OPENS

More Than 2,000 Delegates Already to Spokane.

Spokane, Wash., August 9.—With a message from President Taft, addresses of welcome by Gov. M. E. Hay, of Washington, and Mayor N. S. Pratt, of Spokane, and numerous responses, the National Irrigation congress being at its sessions in the armory today.

More than two thousand delegates had arrived this morning and many more expected during the day. Geo. E. Barstow, president of the congress, replied to the address of welcome for the congress. Before adjournment the report of the executive committee and the announcement of the standing committees will be made.

AMERICAN CUTTER SEIZED

Master of Vessel Charged With Diamond Robbery.

Washington, August 5.—In a cablegram dated August 4, Charles Page Bryan, American minister to Portugal, has informed the state department of the seizure at Quissanga, Angola, Portuguese West Africa, of a small cutter flying the American flag, but bearing no papers. The master of the vessel and one sailor have been sent to Loanda.

The minister states that the master of the vessel is charged with diamond robbery in the neighboring German colony. The men were, it is believed, within the consular jurisdiction of the American consul general at Bona Congo, William W. Hadley.

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Send for 10 packages of our beautiful silk and gold embossed post cards to distribute at 10c each. Return us the $1 when collected and we will send you by return mail this very fine 14K gold filled heavy band ring, not the cheap kind. Address R.F. MOSER, 438 Horsehold Bldg., Topeka, Kas.

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Greek Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAILED. Double Strength $1.50. DR. B. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

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DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW? That's all we want to know. Now we will not give you any grand prize or a lot of free stuff if you answer this ad. Nor do we claim to make you rich in a week. But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can make money, send a copy of this picture with 6c. in stamps for portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plate, and let us explain. The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning, 330 Kingsmore Bldg., Cleveland, O.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Soldiers who homesteaded less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to enough more land to equal 160 acres, no matter whether original entry was abandoned, relinquished or patented. Widows and other heirs are entitled. Describe fully your homestead entry. I will pay spot cash for these claims. Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Col.

WANTED—Census office clerks, railway mail clerks, city carriers, postoffice clerks. October and November examinations everywhere; $800 to $1,600 yearly; no "layoffs" because of poor times; short hours; annual vacation; salary twice monthly; over 10,000 appointments during 1909; country and city residents equally eligible; common education sufficient; political influence not required; candidates prepared free. Write immediately for schedule of examinations and free bulletin. Franklin Institute, Dept. J 35, Rochester, N. Y.

WHY SUFFER WITH KIDNEY TROUBLE? Send 15c to Carr Drug Co., Muncie, Indiana, and get full-sized 50c box Kaskers Kidney Tablets. They cure backache in 24 hours. Quick relief; speedy cure for all kidney, bladder troubles and bedwetting.

MARRY WEALTH AND BEAUTY. Marriage Directory FREE. Pay when married. New plan. Box 314 F. F., Kansas City, Mo.

BEST PAID WOMAN TEACHER IS GOING BACK TO THREE R'S

Chicago, August 9.—Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, who has been elected superintendent of schools here, was born in Buffalo and came to Chicago as a child. She was married forty years ago. Her husband died within two years. Mrs. Young, when she was appointed superintendent, was the head of the Chicago Normal school.

The selection of this mature, experienced woman over five candidates, all men, who had been pulling all the known political and educational wires to get the place, is regarded in Chicago as a victory for the advocates of old-fashioned teaching as against the prevailing "fad" system, with its vertical penmanship and other side issues. The late President Harper of Chicago university, used to say that he wished that all of his incoming freshmen could have had one year under Mrs. Young before they came to him. Then he would at least be sure, he said, that they could read and write and count up to ten.

Will Not Upset System.

Mrs. Young has announced that she has no intention of upsetting Chicago's education: system all at once. She is not for a "shake-up." But, little by little, she intends to make it certain that more time is devoted to the essential elements of early education and less to exploiting the fanciful methods of individuals. She is going back to the three R's.

"Better learn only a little, and learn that little well, than skim over a whole lot, and have it go into one ear and out of the other one," she says.

"I think the time has come when teachers should lay more force on the good old-fashioned forms known as the three R's," she says. "There have been a lot of changes in the educational world in the last ten years. The old methods are inadequate for the modern child. An era of fads began. Much that is good was added to the old curriculum, but much that is useless was also added.

"The time has come to put the soft pedals on the fads and to determine what is really use. I do not intend to use the same old methods that were used by our forefathers to get results, but I do wish to make certain changes toward greater thoroughness, for I believe in grounding the children thoroughly in the elementals.

To Unite Art and Industry.

"I believe in manual training, household arts, domestic science and arts and crafts work, provided they are given their proper place. I hope to carry out come if the ideas of uniting art and industry in the public schools as they are carrried out in the Chicago normal school, which I believe has advanced further in this respect than any other institution of learning.

"I intend to bring awoman from Columbia University in New York to take charge of household arts instruction. I believe this kind of instruction for girls should begin earlier than the fourth grade, as at present. I have no doubt that most women want particularly to be at the head of a home. But if a woman feels that she has the power and can be useful in a business career, let her follow it, by all means."

Regarding the subject of suppressing high school secret fraternities, Mrs. Young said:

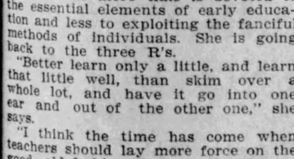
"The schools need more social life, and this I shall endeavor to create. I think some such system as is being tried at the university high school, where the faculty has instituted a series of afternoon and evening dances and entertainments, would solve the problem.

"I have taught every grade from the first one up, and each one was an inspiration. Are the minds of children less vital and broad than the minds of their teachers?

"The instructor, of course, knows the material dealt with, and gets no experience from that. But her mental experience comes from communicating with the mind that acts on that material, and in getting that material, and in getting that new, young point of view.

"One of two things every good superintendent must do is to cheer and inspire the teaching corps so that the school shall be truly educational for the teachers. The other is to look out sharp for the administrative side. One must be able to advise the board as to the best ways of meeting the needs of schools and children."

Gold Spectacles Free



DON'T SEND ME A CENT.

As I am going to give away at least one-hundred-thousand pairs of the Dr. Haux famous "Perfect Vision" Spectacles to genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearers, in the next few weeks—on one easy, simple condition.

I want you to thoroughly try them on your own eyes, no matter how weak they may be, read the finest print in your bible with them on, thread the smallest eyed needle you can get hold of and put them to any test you like in your own home as long as you please.

Then after you have become absolutely and positively convinced that they are really and truly the softest, clearest and best-fitting glasses you have ever had on your eyes and if they honestly make you see just as well as you ever did in your younger days you can keep them forever without a cent of pay and

JUST DO ME A GOOD TURN

by showing them around to your neighbors and friends and speak a good word for them everywhere, at every opportunity.

Won't you help me introduce the wonderful Dr. Haux "Perfect Vision" Spectacles in your locality on this easy, simple condition?

If you are a genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearer (no children need apply) and want to do me this favor, write me at once and just say: "Dear Doctor:—Mail me your Perfect Home Eye Tester, absolutely free of charge, also full particulars of your handsome 10-karat Spectacle Offer," and address me personally and I will give your letter my own personal attention. Address:—Dr. Haux, (Personal), Haux Building, St. Louis, Mo.

NOTE:—The above is the largest Mail Order Spectacle House in the world and is perfectly reliable.

CLEANS OUT THE SHIRKERS

Nagel Dismisses Many More of the Employes.

Washington, August 6.—Another great upheaval occurred in the personnel of the department of commerce and labor yesterday as the result of a probe into the efficiency record of employes in that department.

The official ax fell heavily upon employes in the immigration service and in the census bureau, where considerable inefficiency was shown to have existed. It has been directed that a number of such employes in both these branches be dismissed. In the same services a number of employes have been allowed to resign.

Only recently Secretary Nagel allowed about ten employes in the department to resign and reduced upward of 100.

CAUGHT BY STRATEGY

Moors Run Into Trap Set by Spaniards.

Madrid, August 4.—A report received this morning from Gen. Marina at Melilla related a successful Spanish maneuver against the Moors. The Spanish commander set a trap for the Moors, who were in the foothills of Mt. Garuga, late yesterday afternoon.

While he maneuvered several battalions in front of the Moorish position, the battleship Numancia moved down the coast to be in a position to take the enemy in the rear. The Moors took the bait and moved forward and at once fell under the concentrated fire of the fort and the Numancia. They broke and retreated in disorder, leaving many dead on the field.

An attack on the blockhouse began at midnight of Monday. A large body of Moors stole out in the darkness from the foothills of Mt. Garuga and rained bullets for three hours upon the half completed fortress. The small Spanish contingent defended the blockhouse valiantly and then a Spanish column of six companies hurried to the rescue and succeeded in dispersing the enemy.

During the fighting the Moors destroyed 150 meters of the railroad line. A large number of their dead were carried off in the retreat.

Gen. Marina has issued urgent orders for the restoration of the railroad and the completion of the blockhouse, which is necessary to assure communication.

A captive balloon was sent up today and observations were made of fifty-four gorges and ravines on Mount Garuga, where thousands of tribesmen were seen preparing for a great battle.

GOES 12,000 MILES TO WED

Manila Man Knew Bride Only by Letters.

Attica, Ind., August 9.—Attracted by the personality of a Hoosier maiden, as revealed through her letters, Charles Chase DeSelms, secretary to Governor-General Forbes, of the Philippine Islands, has arrived in this city, having traveled over 12,000 miles to marry a girl whom he had never seen. The prospective bride is Miss Irene Gass, one of the most popular leaders of the younger society of the city.

The wedding is the culmination of a most interesting romance, which has extended over two years. Mr. DeSelms has a brother, who conducts a jewelry shop and school of watchmaking here. Miss Gass has been his stenographer, and it was through joking references to her in the letter which she wrote from her employer that the brother in Manila first heard of her.

Unknown to the elder brother, a correspondence sprung up between them, and not until the young man from Manila arrived, ostensibly to visit him, but in reality to claim his bride, did he awaken to the fact that he had unwittingly been an emissary of Cupid.

AX HITS HIDDEN DYNAMITE

Pennsylvania Hotel Man Is Blown to Pieces.

Easton, Pa., August 4.—Word reached here yesterday of the tragic death of Milton Shive, proprietor of a hotel at Pattenburg, N. J., along the line of the Lehigh Valley railroad. He was splitting ties that had been discarded by the railroad when there was a terrific explosion and he was blown to pieces. A dynamite cap is believed to have been concealed in the tie, probably by would-be train wreckers, and that it was exploded when Shive's ax struck it.

HEAD IS SLICED OFF

Murderer of Mother Is Publicly Guillotined.

Paris, August 5.—A sudden official announcement that a public beheading would take place at 4:30 o'clock this morning in the boulevard fronting the Sante prison created a sensation in Paris, which had not seen an execution in fifteen years.

Immediately immense crowds gathered at the scene, but were kept back from the guillotine by heavy details of police and municipal guards. Parisian sentiment long has been opposed to public executions, for in the past they were accompanied by scandalous scenes of revelry.

Despite this sentiment, parliament refused to abolish the death penalty in France, and in view of the revolting crime of the man executed this morning President Falleres refused to commute his sentence to life imprisonment. The victim was Duchemin, aged 23, a butcher. In 1908 he stabbed his mother, and this not resulting in her death quick enough he finished her by strangulation. The motive for the crime was robbery.

The crowds were unable to get within two blocks of the guillotine, which was erected beneath the trees beside the prison wall. There were some jeers as the closed

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

THOUGHTS OF HOME

SUNDAY

Bind us together in the bonds of love and peace, and keep us always united and a happy family.

MONDAY

Home is made dear, not by its furnishings, but by the memories and inspirations of the hours we spent under its roof with those who loved us and were always tender and true.

TUESDAY

The Friendly House dispenses cheer. Its shutters are flung wide;
The sunshine streams upon the plants that smile with bloom inside;
The porch has roomy benches where a weary child may rest;
The blind-doors open out like arms to welcome every guest.

WEDNESDAY

The habits of smiling, greeting, forbearing and loving; it is these, above all else, which make one's home.

THURSDAY

Keep home life bright and sweet. Guard your lips from harsh words. If quarrels arise, be the first to forgive and forget.

FRIDAY

It is not the sunshine, or any other tangible way, that accounts for the pleasantness of old home corners. It is the pureness and the pleasantness that have clustered there; the very walls have drunk these in.

SATURDAY

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which sought through the world is ne'er met with elsewhere.

THE HOUSE OF FLOWERS

ELIZABETH AYRES

THE HOUSE OF FLOWERS is a real house and home, and not an invention of the imagination. It is an old-fashioned dwelling which has been for many years the home of one family. Its mistress loves flowers, and from the time of the first blooms of spring, until the frosts of autumn blight the plants and blossoms, its rooms are graced and brightened with bouquets which fill all the receptacles in the house that are fitted to hold flowers. Nosegays is an appropriate name for these bouquets since they are old-fashioned blossoms for which everyone has a friendly feeling.

Violets and lilies-of-the-valley are the earliest arrivals from the plant world, and they are the prettiest kind of a combination for a "nosegay." The violets "came up of themselves," years ago, along the fence at one side of the yard belonging to the House of Flowers and they make a brave showing with their profusion of blossoms and vigorous looking foliage. They have had their own way for so long the fence line is theirs by right of possession, and year after year they grow at their own sweet will, undisturbed.

Across from the violets is a sunny corner where are nasturtiums, hollyhocks and daisies of the large, full-blossom kind that are politely called marguerites. The nasturtiums have been a blaze of glory, a riot of flame-colored flowers this season, and the vines have climbed the fence and "poked" through into the neighboring yard, defying subjection.

"Pick as many as I may, I can't keep ahead of these nasturtiums," says the Lady of the Flowers, pridefully.

In another part of the yard is a great clump of bachelor's buttons whose blossoms have taken so many shades it is in itself like a huge variicolored bouquet. The bees make of this a happy hunting ground, and browse over and through it, buzzing and droning with a lazy, sleep-inviting sound.

The bachelor's buttons are neighbored by some tall tiger lilies which flaunt their flamboyant beauty brazenly, as if trying to overshadow the modest buttons and put them out of countenance, but when it comes to house bouquets, it is the delicate little buttons that are chosen.

The House of Flowers has roses, too, and there are honeysuckle vines and sweet peas and sweet williams and many other home flowers which are tended and weeded and cherished by their lady. There isn't any style about them, and not a hint of scientific gardening. They are just sweet things growing as nature intended, but they form a pleasant part of the quiet, peaceful life that is lived in the House of Flowers.

In one place is a bed of mint which fills the air with a spicy fragrance after a shower, and there are trees, grown tall and wide-spreading with the growth of years, that tower far above the roof of the house they surround and keep its rooms cool and shaded, no matter how hot the summer sun may be blazing. And the Lady of Flowers is "Mother." Whenever she is missing from its rooms, someone of the family is sure to ask, "where's mother?" and the answer is pretty sure to be, "She's out among her flowers."

You would find her there, should you go to look, clad in white and wearing a pink sunbonnet. It is likely she would have a bunch of flowers in one hand and the scissors she uses to cut them with in the other, and while she touches the blossoms she loves so well her face wears a happy, contented expression, because you know, close companionship with flowers helps to bring peace and calmness.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

MY "GREATEST DESIRE"

The three questions recently propounded in the Cozy Corner, namely: What is essential to happiness? What is your greatest desire in life? Is the world growing better or worse? are good questions. There is "something in them," as we say.

I should like to address myself especially to the second. Every person who has any real desires has some "greatest" desire. With many it is money or its equivalent. With some it is worldly honor. With others it is knowledge, social attainment, success in business, etc. I have many desires, but it may be said of me as of many others: "Ye desire and have not." I will give my greatest desire, and the readers may have it for what it is worth, be it much or little.

It is a great thing, in my estimation, to know, or to try to know, at least, certain things that philosophers have yearned for from time immemorial, and will, perhaps, continue to yearn for in time to come. It is knowledge. Haven't you often heard people say, "I wish I knew," or, "I would give the world to know?" Well, I have the same wish. For instance, I would sacrifice much for the comfort of knowing, if I could, that the world is improving, surely improving. I would love to know, or almost know, to at least have very strong reason to believe, to have some strong evidence, that there is a reality in the soul's immortality. I would love to know or possess, if possible, some good proof that many things I hope and want to believe in are certainly true. I should like to know that the beloved pet dog or cat or horse or bird has a share in the spirit world and possesses a soul. That many questions which arise could be definitely settled in the way we all hope for. I should like to know, or have assurance of what we vaguely, dankly hope for; to be satisfied that this and that cause of right is bound to win.

Edward Bellamy once expressed the greatest thought any "mere man" ever gave utterance. It was this: "That which is right can never be impossible, and that which is wrong can never be eternal."

To know, to be absolutely assured that this is true, to be convinced by science or fact, this is my "greatest desire."

The reader of this may think it a queer desire. I wouldn't wonder, for one of my ambitions in life is to be "queer;" in fact, it is my theory that, as a rule, to be right is to be queer. I consider my greatest desire a worthy one, at least.—Queer Man.

AN OLD LADY'S LETTER

Will you allow a real old lady to write a letter? I am 81 years old and am a daughter of a soldier of the Revolution and the widow of a soldier of the Civil War. I live alone. I am the mother of nine children. Five of them are in the Glory World, and the other four are married. One lives in Oklahoma, one in the far west of Kansas, and the other two live here in Ogden. I am a reader of the Blade and I get so much comfort reading the good letters. I am anxious every week for my paper. It is so much company for me.

I am striving to walk in that straight and narrow path that leads to everlasting life. Then I shall see my blessed Savior and my loved ones that are gone before. It will soon be six long years since my husband was called home. He was a good man and I shall see him by and by. Well, I can hardly see to write, so I will close sending my love to all the dear sisters and best wishes to the dear, old Blade.—Lonely.

A "SCHOOL MA'AM'S" LETTER

Having read the letter of Brown-Eyed Schoolma'am I will write my opinion. I am also a schoolma'am and a farmer's daughter. I help in the field when help is short and have done so for a number of years. I do chores night and morning and do lots of fancy work, and do dressmaking for myself and neighbors. If I am not needed in the house I help outside. It will not hurt anyone, and it has never hurt me. I am proud to think that I am not afraid to work. As for making a living by doing fancy work, I don't like the idea.

We live in South Dakota and like it real well. I have a piano and am taking music lessons. I play the zither, also. I must close now and if this is printed will call again.—Busy Body.

"BUNK" EXPRESSES HIMSELF

Regarding the questions under discussion we answer:

First—What is essential to happiness? A conscience void of offense toward God and man, for so long as anyone has a guilty conscience, all happiness in this life is marred. Consider what it cost Lucifer to disobey God. The answer holds good all through our temporal existence.

Second—What is your greatest desire in life? To follow the teachings of the lowly Nazarene, who told the waiting multitude, "Therefore whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them, because upon this rule are based all the law and the prophets."

Third—Do you consider the world is growing better or worse? That is a leading question, and could be answered in one word. Yes. All mankind is composed of two classes, namely, the good and the bad. These two classes are constantly in opposition. In some localities, good makes a grand effort to predominate and succeeds admirably, but its votaries are human, and often err. At this crisis Satan arrives upon the scene of action and pandemonium reigns supreme. Then comes the tug of war. It must ever be this war until the ushering in of the millennium.—Bunk.

A PLEASANT LETTER

This is the second year that I have taken The Blade and I have found the Household Page so helpful and interesting that I wish to drop a word or two to it.

I come from the same state as Madimere, who lives just the other side of the "big hills" from me.

Sunny Grandma, I have a little son not yet 2 years old, but it would give me less pain and grief to lay him away to rest, as you did your little one in his sweet purity and innocence, than to see him grow up as your young friend you speak of. I will be one to join you in prayer for him.

I enjoy hearing from the "farmer folks," as I am one of them and know what it means to "manage" housework, sewing, churning, gardening, little ones, chickens and cows, all together, as I do all this kind of work.

We live on a small place near the little town of Oakville, which is situated on the Chehalis river and just at the edge of the Chehalis Indian reservation. This is generally a lively section of country, as there is a great deal of farming, stock raising, logging and lumbering done all along the river valley, the numerous creek valleys entering it and the surrounding hills.

One word will give you my definition of nobility, and that is Christlikeness.—Pansy Nell.

INQUIRIES

Sunny Tennessean wants a recipe for keeping cucumbers green and brittle when pickling. She would like to know also how to clean the brass trimmings of a hanging lamp.

THE HINDU WOMAN

From India in Transition, by Saint Nihal Singh, in the American Review of Reviews for August.

From her role of half-toy, half-slave to man, penned up in the seclusion of the zenana (woman's apartments) the woman of Hindustan is rising to equality with man. India is daily getting anxious to accord its women a humane and a just treatment. Sex inequality had decreed that while the widower was allowed to marry, even permitted to indulge in polygamy, the widow was forced to remain a widow. This injunction is no longer being faithfuly obeyed. Widows of the highest castes are being allowed to marry. Moreover, Hindus are making special efforts to establish homes where young and old widows are kindly treated and taught how to be nurses, doctors, teachers and missionaries. The aim of these institutions is to inspire the widows to help toward the uplift of East Indian society and also to make them capable of supporting themselves instead of being charges on their relatives, as has been the case heretofore. Polygamy was ever very common in India, but today it is doomed. Today the woman of India is leaving the privacy of her apartments, going to modern schools for education, and entering the arena of public activity, to help along the evolution of Hindustan. Schools and colleges, especially designed for girls, and neighborhood centers meant for the advancement of matured women, are coming to be pronounced features of East Indian cities.

PICKLES AND PRESERVES

Now is the time preserving kettles begin to simmer and the appetizing fragrance of pickles and preserves mingles with the air. For the "patient housewife" who is making ready her winter store of jams and jellies and various condiments, are the following recipes which are warranted to be good:

Sweet Cucumber Pickles—For one-half bushel small, even sized cucumbers make two gallons of brine, with one cup of salt to each gallon of water. Turn this boiling hot over the cucumbers and let stand twenty-four hours. Drain off the brine, then pour over them, boiling hot, one gallon each vinegar and water, with a piece of alum about the size of a marble dissolved in it. Let stand forty-eight hours, drain, rinse in cold water and wipe gently with a soft towel, so the skin will not break. Pack in jars with an occasional little Mexican red pepper and bits of horse radish root. Now make a sweet spiced pickle to pour over them, consisting of two gallons cider vinegar, eight pounds sugar, more or less, according to taste; one-half pound white mustard seed, one ounce whole cloves, two ounces stick cinnamon, one ounce celery seed and four blades of mace. Heat scalding hot and pour over the pickles. In a few weeks they will be ready for use and will keep for several years. If desired, they may be put in an old fashioned stone crock at first, spreading a cloth over them when perfectly cold, and then putting on the stone lid. The next spring put in glass jars so the little vinegar flies cannot get at them, but do not reheat the vinegar.

Pickled White Onions—Put the desired quantity of small white onions into hot water and peel. When all are done, put into fresh salted water with a small piece of alum and leave over night. The next morning drain, cover with fresh water, adding a little salt and a piece of alum about as large as a hickory nut and leave a second day. Drain and put in jars, placing in each jar one or two blades of mace, one or two chillis, a few white peppercorns and a small quantity of horse radish. Pour in vinegar to cover, cork tightly and keep in a dry place. These will be ready in a month. This is the English way of pickling onions.

A little different way is to choose fine small onions, peel in hot water and let them stand in strong salt and water for two days.

Change the brine the second day. Heat more brine to the boiling point, add the onions and cook three minutes. Drain off the brine, rinse in cold water and leave several hours. Pack in jars, season with cloves, mace and whole peppers, and fill with scalding vinegar to which sugar has been added in proportion of one cup to a gallon of vinegar. Seal while hot. This can be used in a month, but is better if older.

Elderberry and Green Grape Preserves—Stew grapes slowly until soft, then press through a coarse sieve. Measure the pulp and to each pint allow three pints elderberries and to a pint of the whole a pint of sugar. Simmer gently until thick, then can.

Canned Pickled Beets—Cook young beets in boiling salted water until tender. If small, pack in wide mouthed jars whole. If large, slice. Add to good cider vinegar, salt, sugar and pepper to taste; throw in a few whole cloves; scald, skim and pour over the beets. Can and keep in a cool, dark place. Another way of canning beets is to cook as for the table until tender. Skin and pack in glass jars. To each quart add two tablespoonfuls white sugar and a teaspoonful salt. Cover with equal parts good cider vinegar and water boiling hot, and seal at once.

IN THE CITY OF GUATEMALA

The next best thing to traveling is to read books of travel and thus obtain knowledge of far away lands and people. A new book of this description, written by Nevin O. Winter, gives a comprehensive account of Guatemala, the largest and most important of the Central American republics, and affords a different view of the country from that shown by the play-life of popular novels and the comic opera stage.

Guatemala, the author writes, has been described as the privileged zone of Central America and is easily reached from both sides by steamers, and will soon be connected with the northern republics by rail. It is a country of mountains, tropical forests, lakes, rivers, coast and plains. No portion of the earth presents a greater diversity of level in an equal amount of surface, or a greater variety of climate. Humboldt, the great traveler, described it as an extremely fertile and well cultivated country more than a century ago. To this day, however, there are great tracts of fertile virgin lands open to cultivation. From the description of Guatemala's capital, the folowing extracts are taken:

Guatemala City long ago laid aside its swaddling clothes. While Boston was yet a mere village, the capital of Guatemala was the abode of one hundred thousand people, and was surpassed in importance only by Lima, Peru, and the City of Mexico. It was the home of some of the most learned men in Spanish America, the site of great schools of theology and science, the seat of the inquisition and the headquarters of the Jesuits. The present Guatemala City, however, is the third one to bear that name, the first two having been destroyed by volcanic disturbances. It is now the commercial, political and social center of the republic, and in it are concentrated the wealth, culture and refinement of the whole country.

The city, with its population of seventy-five thousand or more, made up of Spaniards, Indians and Ladinos, with a sprinkling of Germans and Americans, is a typical Spanish-American town in architecture, although recent improvements have taken away the monastic appearance that used to prevail. The streets are straight and narrow and laid out at right angles to each other. The sidewalks are paved with smooth flagstones and are almost on a level with the roughly-paved roadway which slopes toward the center for drainage. The streets are bordered on both sides by low, one-storied buildings whose tile roofs, once red, are now a dirty brown, and whose plastered walls, once white, are now soiled and blotched by the pieces of plaster which have been broken out. The walls are usually of adobe or stone, covered with stucco, and are several feet thick, in order to defy any but the most severe earthquake shocks. The windows are broad and high, and are protected by iron bars like the windows of a prison cell. If the house is so fortunate as to have a second story, then a neat little iron or wooden balcony is erected in front of them. There is one entrance to the house, and that is guarded by great, heavy doors studded with big nails and fastened with a massive lock fit only for a mediaeval castle. The keys to these locks are frequently eight or ten inches long and would fit no key ring that is on the market today. Carriages, market people and high-born ladies all use this common entrance, which leads into the patio around which the house is invariably built. These patios take the place of the lawn in northern homes and are frequently beautiful little miniature gardens filled with tropical plants and fragrant with the blossoms of many flowers. The living rooms all open out upon this court, and here, sheltered from the wind, the people can bask in the sun when it is cool and occupy the shady side when it is hot, and thus keep themselves fairly comfortable without the aid of fires or electric fans.

THE CATHEDRAL, GUATEMALA CITY.

"The grand old cathedral in the center of the city overtowers every other structure in its majesty."

Numerous public buildings are scattered over the city. Perhaps the most noted is the University of Guatemala, which has a great reputation all over Central America. As a matter of fact, Guatemala City was noted for its learning before any educational institution had been established in the United States; and dust had accumulated on its library before the first little red school house had made its appearance.

There are also schools of medicine and pharmacy, arts and trades, a polytechnic institute, hospitals, court house and many other institutions of government and justice. The post-office is situated in an old convent confiscated from the church, and the same is true of a number of the other government buildings now in use.—Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Dear Sister Edna of the M. G. R.'s:—I am not a missionary, but since you are lonely I am coming up from the fens and marshes and reedy jungles of a noisy, tiresome, confusing world to enjoy a melodiously beautiful half hour with you and your precious baby boy in your mountain-top home. How sweet and restful, and pure and near to God it seems—this home in the "dense forest." How the wide ranges and blue rimmed distances rest my tired eyes. I am so glad that my visit happened on Sunday, because we can all go out into God's temple to meeting—we will not call it church—we will just gather about His feet, up here on the mountain, as they did so many centuries ago, and listen with our hearts to whatever He may say to us of the way of life.

Let me hold your baby boy in my arms a little while—my own darling sleeps where the whispering winds and waving palms are ever intoning his requiem. Ah, we are here none too soon. I see the glint of a bird's wing in the green branches above us, a signal that the great harp of nature is about to sound its peon of praise in obedience to the command: "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." The Master Himself is the conductor of this great chorus.

M. G. R.'s, listening with your hearts, do you hear the wave of melody going forth from the tiny throats of ten thousand of His feathered songsters as it floats and soars, echoes and re-echoes through the blue, then soft and sweet and musical as the tinkling of bells on far-off hills, it is borne back to earth on the holy air to bless and cheer the souls of men? How the Master loved the hills. He seemed to have walked along a mountain range from the day on which He began His mission on earth. His presence consecrated them, so that we, in our darkest moments can exclaim "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good things!" In the solitude of the mountains He poured out the love and longing of His great heart for us. Lift up your eyes, dear M. G. R.'s. Elisha did, and he saw ten thousand and ten thousand charlots of fire and innumerable legions of angels. Let there be a steady uplifting of our soul's bright sky, higher, higher and higher, till it embraces heaven in its glorious altitude. If I have not proven tiresome, and you care to hear it, I will tell you of my own mountain-top experience when next I visit you.—Evangeline.

Today when The Blade came, I turned to the M. G. R. the first thing, for I think it is the best part of the paper. I have wanted to write to you for a long time, but until now I have never had the courage. You all seem so friendly towards one another, and I want to ask your opinion about something.

I live in a very small town. We have never had good schools here, and each year they seem to grow worse. I am seventeen years old and small for my age. I never liked to study, but wanted to be having a good time. I am just in the seventh grade, and suppose I shall be there next fall, too, for I did not take any examination during the last school term. You see how far behind I am in my studies. I never thought anything about it until in the past spring, and I am so ashamed now I do not know what to do. I have been reading the children's letters, and I see they are far ahead of me—that is, the older ones. I see where I have made my mistake. I am sorry, oh, so sorry. Often I cannot sleep at night for thinking about it. Next fall I am going to a new high school in a strange town and I am going to study hard, very hard; and if I do, do you think I can catch up? Is there any hope for me? My father says there is not, but I hope he is wrong. I believe I can "make good."

Do write and tell me what you think. I want you to so much, and one, partly because I had no gun with please tell about your school days. Next year I shall be graduated in music and my father wants me to be a music teacher, but I do not want to. I do not love it well enough. He gave me a nice piano for a Christmas present, but I do not want to be a music teacher. I want to be something else.

Dear friends, I have wasted my time and I am sorry as sorry can be. I am so troubled about it I can hardly sleep. Some of you please write and tell me what you think.—Dorothy B.

My Dear Dorothy B.:—Yours is by no means a "hopeless case." Don't stay awake to worry. You have learned a lesson from the past. Let it go and do your best in the future. Your letter is correctly spelled and you express yourself very well, so you must have studied at least a little. Chirk up.—Yours truly, Miss Prudence.

Here comes a "Tar Heel" again. I have just been reading the dear old Blade, and of course the M. G. R. corner was the first to be perused.

We are having fine weather now. The nights are cool and the days breezy and delightful. Our town is situated in western North Carolina, at an altitude of about 1,800 feet. It is on the Murphy branch of the Southern railway. It also marks the junction of the Snowbird Valley R. R., which extends back into the mountains to a distance of about twenty miles. This makes it an ideal place for hunting and fishing parties. Nearly every week crowds go out into Snowbird mountains and angle for the speckled beauties, enjoy the balmy air, and drink the almost ice cold water which flows freely down the mountain's side.

It is surrounded by lofty mountains, some of which attain the height of 5,000 feet. It is also an historic spot, because inside its corporate limits stood Fort Delaney, where the soldiers stayed when the Indians were removed in 1834.

We have good Sunday schools at the Baptist and Methodist churches, and there is service at the Methodist church twice each Sabbath.

I am going to teach a district school this fall about two miles from my home, beginning in August, and will continue about six months. There are about 50 children in the district, and I dread my task very much, for I know it means a great deal of hard work.

I would like to hear more from Gadabout, as the letter was so interesting. We will gladly welcome any person to our dear old north state who is seeking to improve his health. We have a delightful climate for that purpose.—Andrew Tar Heel.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Greetings to the M. G. R.'s and to all who read its columns. I've been away for several weeks, having a vacation, and find that many letters have accumulated during my absence. They are too numerous to mention, but they are received with pleasure and will be published as soon as possible. Yours truly.—Miss Prudence.

Weather in Toledo at the present time of writing: Hot and dry. You may be noticing "that same" in your part of the country.

Recently, several inquiries have been made regarding M. G. R. badges. The supply was "sold out" some time ago and it is not likely to be renewed. However, it is possible to be a member of the circle without being "tagged."

Are you awfully tired with play, little girl;
Weary, discouraged and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest game in the world—
Do something for somebody, quick!

UNCLE DAN'S BEAR STORY

"Well, said Uncle Dan, when the children teased for a story, "since you all want something different, I think I shall have to decide myself. How would you like to have me tell you about a bear that has frightened more people than any other in the world, and that frightened me lots and lots of times?"

"O-o-o-o! Goody!" cried all of them together.

"It's about a grizzly bear," said Lyman.

"No, a polar bear," guessed Lizzie.

"I think it's a cinnamon bear," declared Bob.

Uncle Dan laughed. "No," he said, "it isn't any one of those bears. It's a kind of bear you never heard of—a bear that has strange habits, and is different from any other bear in the world.

"In the first place, this bear is found all over the country, not only in wild places in the woods and mouutains, but even more often near log houses and little villages, and especially about old pastures where you go to drive the cows in the morning and to get them at night.

"The strangest thing about this kind of bear is that you never see him in the day time or in the morning, but only when it has begun to get dark a little at evening, and on nights when there is just a tiny bit of moon.

"When I was a boy I had to take my father's cows to pasture every morning and go after them every night. I never met one of these bears in the morning, but sometimes I would see three or four in a single evening, and they would frighten me so that I would run all the way home."

"Did they chase you, Uncle Dan, or did you shoot them, or scare them away?"

No, dear, I don't think any of them ever chased me, though I ran too hard to see; and I am sure I never shot me then, and partly because this kind of bear is so hard and tough that a bullet doesn't hurt him at all; nor can you scare him away. He will not run from anybody, no matter how much you shoot or how loud a noise your gun makes. He stays right there."

"How big are they and what color?" asked Lyman, whose eyes were round with interest and excitement.

"They are all sizes," said Uncle Dan, "sometimes not any larger than a Newfoundland dog, sometimes as tall as a big man; but they are always dark-colored—almost black, and they are always standing very still.

"The places where you are most likely to see them is in the shadows near trees and in fence corners and along the edges of old pastures."

"Well, but, Uncle Dan," began Rob, eagerly, "if you can't shoot them and can't drive them away, what can you do with this kind of bears? Do you always have to run away from them? I think that is cowardly."

"No, my boy," answered Uncle Dan, with a smile, "there is another way. If you are brave enough to go right up to one of these bears and touch him with your hand, he will never hurt you, but will disappear at once—so quickly that you can't see him go. That is the only thing to do, but I didn't find it out for a long time—until I was almost grown up."

"But what is ths strange bear?" asked Lizzie, with a puzzled look on her face. "What is the name of it?"

"Why, they call it the stump bear," answered Uncle Dan, laughing, "and, as I said, he has frightened more persons, especially small boys and girls, than any other kind of animal." And Uncle Dan laughed.

For a second the children did not know what to think. Then Lizzie burst into a joyous laugh. "I know what it is!" she cried. "It isn't a bear at all! It's just an old stump that you think is a bear, like that one near the spring, up at grandpa's!"

"Yes," admitted Uncle Dan, "that is what I meant. I knew you had seen them, too!"—W. F. E. in Unity.

THE POETS' CORNER

"ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH"

(Author Unknown.)

The first thing that I remember was
Carlo tugging away
With the sleeves of my coat in his teeth,
pulling as much as to say:
"Come, master, awake and 'tend to the switch; lives now depend on you;
Think of the souls in the coming train and the graves you're sending them to;
Think of the mother and babe at her breast; think of the father and son;
Think of the love and loved one, too; think of them, doomed every one
To fall, as it were, by your very hand, into yon fathomless ditch,
Murdered by one who now lies asleep at the switch."

I sprang up amazed, scarce knew where I stood, sleep had overturned me so;
I could hear the wind hollowly howling and the deep river dashing below;
I could hear the forest leaves rustling as the trees by the tempest were fanned;
But what was that noise at a distance? That I could not understand!
I heard it at first indistinctly, like the rolling of some muffled drum;
Then nearer and nearer it came to me and made my very ears hum.
What is this light that surrounds me and seems to set fire to my brain?
What whistle's that yelling so shrilly? Oh, God! I know now—it's the train!

We often stand facing some danger, and seem to take root at the place;
So I stood with this demon before he, its heated breath scorching my face;
Its headlight made day of the darkness and glared like the eye of some witch;
The train was almost upon me before I remembered the switch.
I sprang to it, seizing it wildly, the train dashing fast down the track—
The switch resisted my efforts—some devil seemed holding it back.
On, on, came the fiery-eyed monster and shot by my face like a flash;
I swooned to the earth the next moment, and knew nothing of the crash.

How long I lay there unconscious 'twere impossible for me to tell;
My stupor was almost a heaven, my waking almost a hell,
For I then heard the piteous moaning and shrieking of husbands and wives.
And I thought of the day we all shrink from, when I must account for their lives.
Mothers rushed like maniacs, their eyes staring wild:
Fathers, losing their courage, gave way to their grief like a child;
Children searching for parents I noticed as by me they sped,
And lips that could form naught but "Mamma" were calling for one perhaps dead.

My mind was made up in a second—the river should hide me away,
When under the still burning rafters I suddenly noticed there lay
A little white hand; she who owned it was doubtless an object of love
To one whom her loss would drive frantic tho' she guarded him now from above.
I tenderly lifted the rafters and quietly laid them one side;
How little she thought of her journey when she left for this last fatal ride.
I lifted the last log from off her, and while searching for some spark of life,
Turned her little face up in the starlight and recognized Maggie, my wife!

Oh, Lord! Thy scourge is a hard one, at a blow Thou hast shattered my pride;
My life will be one endless nighttime with Maggie away from my side.
How often we've sat down and pictured the scenes in our long, happy life;
How I'd strive through all my lifetime to build up a happy home for my wife;
How people would envy us always in our cozy and neat little nest.
When I would do all the labor and Maggie all the day rest;
How one of God's blessings might cheer us when some day I p'raps should be rich.
But all of my dreams have been shattered while I lay there asleep at the switch.

I fancied I stood on my trial; the jury and judge I could see,
And every eye in the courtroom was steadfastly fixed upon me,
And fingers were pointed in scorn till I felt my face blushing red,
And the next thing I heard were the words, "Hang by the neck until dead."
Then I felt myself pulled once again and my hand caught right hold of a dress,
And I heard, "What's the matter, dear Jim? You've had a bad nightmare, I guess."
And there stood Maggie, my wife, with never a scar from the ditch.
I'd been taking a nap in my bed, and had not been asleep at the switch.

THE DIVINE CALL TO THE MINISTRY

Author Unknown.

One day as I was walking along a lonesome road,
My Savior came unto me and filled my heart with love.
He chose me for His watchman, to blow the trumpet loud—
To cheer the weak believer, and to invite the proud.

The cross appeared heavy—I then was in my youth—
Oh, how shall I be able to speak the words of truth.
But Christ said, "I'll go with you, and you may fear no ill.
Go blow the gospel trumpet and do your Master's will."

I said unto my Savior, "My talents are but small,
Perhaps they will not hear me if on them I do call."
"But if they will not hear you, with you it shall go well;
Go blow the gospel trumpet while they go down to hell."

These precious words of Jesus caused me to mourn and weep—
My conscience spoke of Jonah as he lay in the deep.
I took the cross upon me; I then began to blow—
I'll blow the gospel trumpet; I'll blow where'er I go.

Come all ye blood bought purchase, on you I call today,
Fall at the feet of Jesus, and there begin to pray;
Sinners, if you refuse Him, I'll bid you all farewell,
And blow the gospel trumpet while you go down to hell.

Behold the blood of Jesus, shed on Mount Calvary!
Look up by faith, and view Him, and He will set you free.
But if you refuse Him, and disobey your Lord,
I'll blow the gospel trumpet and clear me of your blood.

ONE BY ONE

By Adelaide A. Proctor.

One by one the sands are flowing
One by one the moments fall.
Some are coming some are going
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties meet thee
Let thy whole strength go to each
Let no future dreams elate thee
Learn thou first what these can teach

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below.
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band,
One will fade as others greet thee.
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow.
See how small each moment's pain,
God will help thee for tomorrow
So each day begin again.

Every day that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Summons the crown, and holy
When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting
Or for passing hours despond,
Nor the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven; but one by one,
Take them, lest the chain be broken,
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

A WOMAN'S ANSWER TO A MAN'S QUESTION

By Mary F. Lathrop.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the Hand above—
A woman's heart and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing,
As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my lesson of duty out,
Man-like, you have questioned me,
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirts shall be whole,
I require your heart shall be true as God's stars;
And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;
I require a far grander thing,
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts
I look for a Man and a King.

A King for a beautiful realm called home,
And a man whom the maker, God,
Shall look upon as he did the first,
And say, "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft, young cheek one day,
Will you love me then 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep,
I may launch my all on it's tide?
A loving woman finds Heaven or Hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true;
All things that a man should be,
If you give this all, I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this, a laundress, a cook
You can hire with little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.

POEMS REQUESTED

The verses to which the following lines belong are very much wanted:

Men don't believe in the Devil now
As their fathers used to do,
They've forced the door of the broadest creed
To let his majesty through.

We are asked for the poem written in answer to Shells From the Sea Shore. The opening lines are:

The shells I picked up from the sea-shore
Have dropped from my girlish hands.

The poem, Lord Lovel, is requested.

Will some one send the poem entitled Little Breeches, written by John Hay?

The poem, The Bandit Burglar, written by Major Sam Hall, is wanted. It begins:

Remember the Alamo, the war cry stars and clear,
Of our hardy Texas Rangers, etc.

The song, Peek-a-Boo, is among the requested.

Some one is asked to send "real soon," the words of the poem by Mrs. Wilcox which has these lines:

It is easy enough to be pleasant,
When life moves along like a song.
But the man worth while
Is the one who can smile
When everything goes dead wrong.

Another poem wanted begins:

A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep.

Whenever it is possible, kindly give the author's name of poems sent in answer to requests.

The words of the poem, Reuben and Flora, are wanted. It starts like this: "Do you love me?" asked young Reuben,
Of his handsome, blue-eyed Flo.

Can some one send the poem of which these are two lines:

Then Christ sought out an artisan,
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man.

Wanted: The poem of which the last line of every verse is this:

The old plow, the bold plow, that moves the world along.

Another poem wanted is The Young Man Waited. Two lines are:

In the room below the young man sat,
With an anxious face and white cravat.

OWES HER LIFE TO

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Vienna, W. Va. — "I feel that I owe the last ten years of my life to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Eleven years ago I was a walking shadow. I had been under the doctor's care but got no relief. My husband persuaded me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it worked like a charm. It relieved all my pains and misery. I advise all suffering women to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound." — Mrs. Emma Wheaton, Vienna, W. Va.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases of any similar medicine in the country, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every such suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

SKIN ERUPTION CURED

Was So Sore, Irritating and Painful That Little Sufferer Could Not Sleep—Scratched Constantly.

CUTICURA'S EFFICACY PROVEN

"When about two and a half years old my daughter broke out on her hips and the upper parts of her legs with a very irritating and painful eruption. It began in October; the first I noticed was a little red surface and a constant desire on her part to scratch her limbs. She could not sleep and the eruptions got sore, and yellow water came out of them. I had two doctors treat her, but she grew worse under their treatment. Then I bought the Cuticura Remedies and only used them two weeks when she was entirely well. This was in February. She has never had another rough place on her skin, and she is now fourteen years old. Mrs. R. R. Whitaker, Winchester, Tenn., Sept. 22, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

ZEPPELIN AT COLOGNE

Airship Makes Flight of 110 Miles.

Cologne, August 5.—The Zeppelin airship made the 110-mile flight from Frankfort to this city this morning. The craft left Frankfort at 4:40 and reached here at 10:15. This was more than two hours later than the time set for arrival. The vessel was delayed by unfavorable weather conditions. The ship circled the tower of Cologne cathedral, flying low, and then sailed to the suburb of Bickendorf to come down. The landing place and the balloon shed were surrounded by immense crowds.

The progress of the vessel was reported by telegraph as it came down the Rhine. Crowds witnessed the passage from Limburg, Neuwied, Remagen and Bonn. The ship ran into a thick fog as it approached Cologne and deviated from its course to the southwest and missed Cologne by ten miles or so. It got its bearings again near Dueren, and when the fog lifted it headed straight for the city and came in rapidly.

Another Successful Machine.

Berlin, August 5.—The military dirigible balloon Gross II., after an endurance flight of fifteen hours and forty miuntes, came to earth at 3 o'clock this afternoon. The ship made its way to Halle and return, a total distance of 217 miles.

Opens Aerodrome to All.

Washington, August 5.—The government aerodrome which is to be placed at the disposal of Wilbur Wright for the purpose of training Lieutenants Lahm and Foulois in the navigation of the aeroplane purchased from the Wrights by the government, is to be thrown open for the use of any aviators who wish to conduct experiments. The field which is to be used will be leased. It has an area of 160 acres.

Little is to be done with the army dirigible this summer. It is now housed in the $500,000 balloon and gas plant at Fort Omaha, but owing to the small quota of signal corps officers who can be assigned to aeronautical work, practically nothing can be done with the motor balloon.

LONGER THAN WRIGHT

Roger Sommer, a Frenchman, Makes New Aeroplane Record.

Mourmelon-Le-Grand, France, August 7.—Roger Sommer, the French aviator, today beat the world's record for prolonged flight in an aeroplane. His machine remained in the air for two hours, 27 minutes and 15 seconds.

Sommer started at 4:14 o'clock this morning, in the bright moonlight. In the beginning he traveled slowly near the ground at elevations running from six to thirty yards. After the machine had become limbered up the aviator increased his speed, and the coming of daylight showed him traveling and maneuvering easily.

When it became evident that he had beaten the duration record held by Wilbur Wright, the assembled crowd cheered wildly, and as Sommer came to the ground at 41 minutes and 15 seconds past 5 he was given an ovation.

M. Sommer is one of the new school of French aviators, several of whom have recently made records that would have attracted world-wide attention a year ago. On July 17 he made a flight of one hour, 23 minutes and 30 seconds. August 2 he flew nine miles in twelve minutes, which is at the rate of 45 miles an hour, and on August 4 he made a flight of a few second over two hours. He is using a biplane of the Voisin type.

The record of duration of Wilbur Wright is 2 hours, 20 minutes and 57 seconds. It was made at Le Mans, France, last December.

MRS. ROOSEVELT LEAVES MILAN

Municipal Authorities Pay Their Farewell Respects.

Milan, August 6.—Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, accompanied by her sister, Miss Carew, and Quentin, her youngest son, left here today for Paris. The municipal authorities were present at the railroad station to present their formal salutations. Archie and Ethel Roosevelt will rejoin their mother in Paris after another trip with Baron Mayor Des Planches, the Italian ambassador to the United States, and his wife, to the Italian lakes.

BUYS BIG AREA OF COAL LAND

Jones & Laughlin Steel Company Acquires 5,500 Acres.

Pittsburg, August 6.—The Jones & Laughlin Steel company, the largest independent in the country, today acquired 5,500 acres of coal land from the Pittsburg-Buffalo company, of this city for a sum approximating $1,500,000. The land is located near the Marianna mine of the latter company. The steel company will let lapse an option it held on the Marianna mine, which is also owned by the Pittsburg-Buffalo company.

Suicide—

Slow death and awful suffering follows neglect of bowels. Constipation kills more people than consumption. It needs a cure and there is one medicine in all the world that cures it—CASCARETS. 899

Cascarets—10c. box — week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world—million boxes a month.

JAPS ENFORCE RIGHTS

Will Build Antung-Mukden Railroad in Manchuria Without Consent.

Peking, August 7.—In defiance of the protestations of China, Japan today began the construction of the Antung-Mukden railroad. Work was started by Japanese engineers and constructors, who have been awaiting the outcome of the negotiations for several months, simultaneously at each end of the line. They acted on instructions from Tokio.

The feeeling of Japan in this matter, which is due to China's objection to changing the existing narrow guage of the line to the standard guage of the connecting lines in both Korea and Manchuria, was reflected here today by a Japanese official of high standing, who said that China-Japanese relations at the present moment bore a dangerous resemblance to those of 1904. At that time Japan declared war, smashed the Chinese navy, captured Port Arthur and would have marched on Peking if the other nations had not intervened.

JAPAN NOTIFIES POWERS SHE'S TIRED WAITING

Tokio, August 7.—Japan today officially notified the powers of her intention to proceed immediately with the reconstructing and improving of the Antung-Mukden railroad without the consent of China, diplomatic negotiations having failed to overcome Chinese opposition.

The note outlines the entire course of negotiations relative to the improvement of the railroad up to the present. It declares that throughout the discussion China has had recourse to her well known policy of obstruction and procrastination, has evaded the just and reasonable demands of Japan and raised collateral questions regarding police authority and other matters, thus delaying a settlement.

China's reply of June 24 is mentioned and the note declares that Japan's rights under the treaty of 1905 were disregarded and the provision of the treaty wholly nullified thereby.

It is charged that China raised immaterial issues and declared, in her reply, "that the work of the improvement on the Antung-Mukden railroad must be confined to the existing track and that the broadening of the gauge cannot be permitted."

The communication declares that since July 24, when the reply was received, Japan has endeavored to induce China to reconsider her decision and recede from her untenable position, but that the Chinese government has maintained an unyielding and uncompromising attitude.

The final paragraph of the note contains Japan's ultimatum, as follows:

"In this situation the imperial government is compelled to take independent action and to proceed to carry out the necessary work of reconstruction and improvement according to treaty rights."

The railroad from Antung to Mukden was built by Japan during the war with Russia. After the war a treaty was signed between Japan and China, under the terms of which Japan was to be permitted to "reconstruct" or "transform" the line, use it for a term of fifteen years and then turn it over to China. The distance from Antung to Mukden is about 150 miles. The country traversed is rich and the line valuable commercially, but one of the main advantages gained from reconstruction will be the fact of through communication from Fusan, in Korea, to Mukden and thence to the main trans-Siberian line, and so to St. Petersburg and London.

With an eight-hour sea trip from Japan to Fusan, the existing line from Fusan to Antung, the through connection made possible by the new line to Mukden, the trip from Tokio to the capitals of Europe would be very materially shortened. Furthermore the line is stategically valuable to Japan.

It is to make through traffic possible that Japan wants to change the line from the existing narrow gauge to the standard gauge now in use in Korea from Fusan to Antung and Mukden to the westward. The matter was first taken up with the viceroy of Mukden, who did not take kindly to the changes suggested by Japan. Then negotiations were opened with the central government at Peking, which objects to the change to standard guage; declares that the northern terminal must be actually at Mukden, instead of a few miles from the city, as the Japanese desire for reasons of economy, and insists that the policing of the line shall be left entirely in Chinese hands, and that all Japanese troops be withdrawn. This last proposition has been flatly refused by Japan.

ENGLAND THINKS HER ALLY IS WITHIN HER RIGHTS

London, August 7.—The decision reached by Japan regarding the construction of the Antung-Mukden railroad, in spite of the objections of China, is generally considered here to be justined. Before taking the step Japan consulted Great Britain and the other powers with whom her relations are close. While regretting that her ally has found it necessary to defy China, it is understood that Great Britain agrees that Japan had no alternative. There has been no endeavor to deny that this line is mainly of military importance, but as one diplomat put it today:

"Japan would be more than human if she did not avail herself of her treaty rights, especially as these are one of the few solid compensations for the heavy sacrifices of her war with Russia."

The South Manchurian Railway company, which, on account of the large subsidies it receives from the government, has been compelled to rebuild its line, is not altogether pleased with this decision, for, while the undertaking involves them in large expenditure, it will divert a part of their traffic from Dalny to Fusan.

THAW FAMILY FORTUNE GONE

Home in Pittsburg Is Closed and Harry Won't Return.

Pittsburg, Pa., August 6.—In the face of alleged statements from Harry Thaw, at White Plains, that if liberated he would likely come here to live, is the assertion here last night from persons in close touch with the Thaw family affairs, that the young millionaire will never return to Pittsburg.

The Thaw family home, "Lyndhurst," in Beachwood boulevard, has been closed for the summer and the house has been storm-shuttered since early March. The grounds are in charge of a caretaker.

From the same high authority comes the declaration that the Thaw fortune has been greatly reduced and that the Thaw home has been upon the open real estate market for some time.

LOVE NO PASSPORT

Young Couple Rejected by Immigration Officials.

New York, August 5.—Mystery surrounds an order issued by the board of inquiry, sitting at Ellis island, calling for the immediate deportation of Gretchen Seipelt, a pretty young woman, and her fiance, Emil Maurer, a buyer for a large Chicago department store, who arrived in this city yesterday on board the Berlin of the North German line.

When searched by the immigration inspectors upon their arrival at Ellis island, where they were sent pending the decision of the board of inquiry, $3,000 in cash was found in the possession of the young woman, and Maurer produced $2,000 in American gold.

When told they had been ordered deported by the board of inquiry the couple announced that they would send an appeal to the federal authorities at Washington, and, if necessary, to the German ambassador.

Gretchen, so it was learned, comes from a small hamlet near Hamburg. Her parents are said to be well to do. Maurer has been employed as a foreign buyer for the Chicago store for some years, and, according to the story told yesterday, is engaged to the girl. The couple were booked second cabin on the Berlin.

Immediately upon the arrival of the steamship the immigration authorities questioned the couple and not satisfied with the answers of the young woman ordered her and her fiance to Ellis island. The board of inquiry took up their case today and although it is said the couple signified their intention to marry and despite the fact that they had $5,000 in cash between them, ordered their deportation.

When the immigration officials were seen yesterday they would not discuss the case. For a time it was even denied that the couple were being detained at the island.

Among the many possessions of the young girl was a wedding outfit and several bags of house linen, seeming to bear out their contention that they intended marrying.

Unless the Washington authorities intervene the couple, in all probability, will be sent back on the next North German line steamship sailing.

WAIT FOR MILLENNIUM

"Dippers" Pray and Work in Convention.

Dublin, August, 7.—The third annual convention of the "Dippers," as the Cooneyite revival in progress at Ballinamillar county, Fermanagh, is called, presents strange scenes of religious enthusiasm. It is the belief of the sect that the millennium may be ushered in at any moment and prayer meetings are being held almost continuously.

John West, a well-to-do member of the sect, has placed his large house and grounds, Crocknacrieve, at Ballinamillar, at the disposal of the convention. The house accommodates 100 persons, and the others of the pilgrims utilize the outbuildings and the spacious marquess erected on the lawn for sleeping purposes. More than two thousand pilgrims are attending the convention.

Should Please a Tolstoi.

The little colony is the realization of the idea of simple, self-supporting communal life, and should go far to please a Tolstoi. Sunrise each morning finds the encampment full of life and activity. All the pilgrims are dressed in coarse, plain clothing. The men are unshaven and wear rubber collars; on the heads of women are straw sailor hats. All are busily engaged in manual labor or domestic duties, milking, buter-making, cooking, sewing, boot-making, carpentering, etc., every one being assigned a daily task. Then, in the interval of devotional exercises, preaching, hymn-singing and baptisms.

Energy is the keynote of the congregation. Edward Cooney, the leader of the sect, has a wonderful flow of language and his sermons are interspered with racy anecdotes. He holds his followers during his long discourses. He preaches on the unworthiness of all existing churches and the uselessness of worldly possessions. His favorite hymn concludes: "Neither carry script nor payment; neither shoes nor staves. Walk unburdened through the deserts; through the waves."

Immersed in Stream.

The baptismal ceremony is performed in an adjacent stream running along the valley. The leader doffs his boots and wades in the water to the center of the stream. Then he gently lowers the convert backward until the entire body is immersed, after which the convert is assisted to the shore while the pilgrims sing "Who will be next?"

No money collections are taken up. Dinner and tea are given freely to all comers to the convention, crowds of whom flock daily to see the "Dippers." Many persons are being converted and promptly admitted to the brotherhood.

Thus far the convention has suffered no molestation. The pilgrims say they travel without money, earning their way by manual labor. The men and women are separated in the devotional meetings.

U. S. ARBITER OF TWO OCEANS

Paris, August 5.—M. Hanotaux, president of the new Franco-American league, has announced the appearance of a magazine to be devoted to the development of closer relations between the two countries. He says, in this connection:

"The United States, some time in the future, will become the arbiter of two oceans and, perhaps, of two continents."

CHINA IS IN TERROR

Thinks England Is Back of the Mikado's Recent Ultimatum.

Peking, August 9.—The Chinese foreign board and the grand council have been in consecutive conference with Prince Chun, the regent, on the Japanese situation since the issuance of Japan's note announcing her intention of proceeding immediately with the reconstruction of the Antung-Mukden railroad, without China's cooperation. Liang Tun-Yen, the president of the board of foreign affairs, was received in audience by the prince regent yesterday and today.

The regent showed great anxiety at Japan's attitude of coercion, which was supported by Great Britain, and he urged that the foreign board accelerate a settlement of the question in order not to provoke Japanese violence.

The Associated Press tonight learns that China has virtually unconditionally conceded to Japan's demand that the railroad be made of standard gauge, and is willing to accept any reasonable compromise, but is debarred from giving a treaty consent on account of Japan's suspicious attitude in forcing the gauge question, in claiming for the Antung line advantages existing on the South Manchurian railroad, and through her refusal to negotiate the latter question.

Japan insisted on postponing consideration of the South Manchurian line question until the Antung-Mukden railroad was reconstructed. China does not object to the expansion of the Antung-Mukden railway commercially, but she does oppose a Japanese military strategic enterprise ending in another foreign military and commercial barrier across Manchuria.

Great Britain's support of Japan has made a deep impression on Chinese statesmen, who point out that Great Britain's attitude developed simultaneously with the war scare in Europe. Extreme pessimism prevails in government circles. High officials say that as Japan has the British support she supposes that she can do what she likes.

Japan's Reply Is Firm.

Tokio, August 9.—A request that Japan suspend work on the Antung-Mukden railway in Manchuria, is the substance of China's reply to Japan's recent note announcing immediate commencement of reconstruction work on the road. The reply, issued by the foreign office today, states that China wishes to continue the negotiations. China adds that she hopes for an amicable settlement of all outstanding difficulties.

Japan's reply to this request was polite but firm. It was made plain the negotiations concerning the Antung-Mukden road had been closed forever insofar as they related to that section of road between Mukden and Che-Siang-Tun, and that it would not be necessary to suspend work to reach an agreement upon that strip.

Regarding all other matters, the reply continues, Japan will proceed with pleasure.

SAYS CULT EXPLAINS ALL

Mrs. Besant Asserts Reincarnation Solves Mysteries.

New York, August 5.—Mrs. Annie Besant, the visiting exponent of theosophy, says she has solved the riddle that perplexed Job and drove Omar to "divorce barren reason" and wed the jocund daughter of the grape. The presence of sin and suffering in the world, she said, is to be explained by the hypothesis of reincarnation, a part of the cult she teaches. Neither of the other two theories of life into which she divided the creeds and philosophies of the world—the orthodox theory and the scientific or evolutionary—accounted for it, she said.

Sin and suffering, said Mrs. Besant, are experience, and give increased spiritual power for the next reincarnation. We go on sowing sin and reaping experience until we attain ultimate perfection.

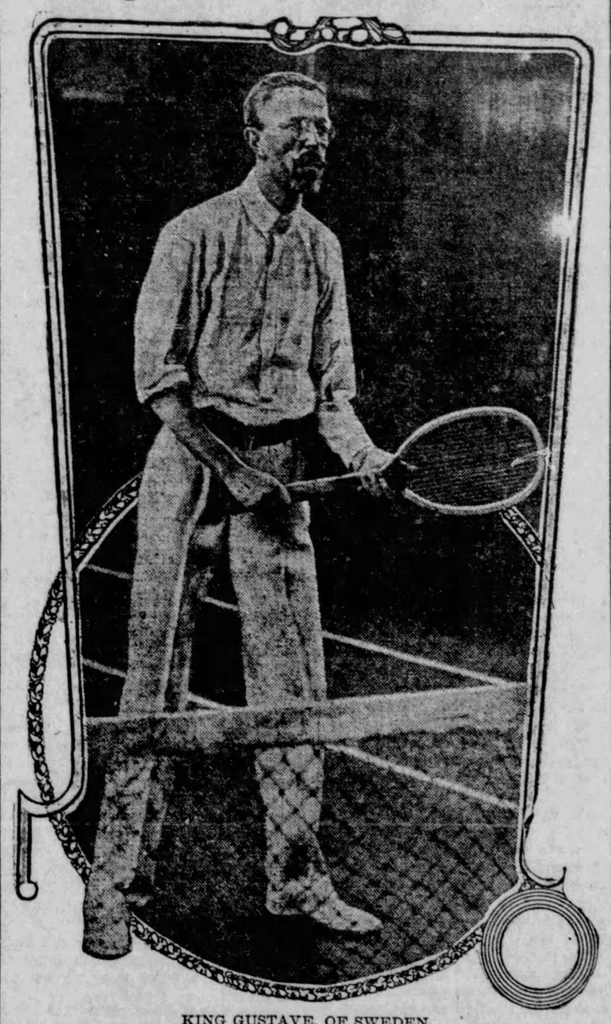
As evidence of reincarnation in the world about us, Mrs. Besant instanced the vague memories, "intuitions of immortality" of little children, and the common phenomenon of a sudden unexplained attraction one often feels for a total stranger. The stranger, said Mrs. Besant, had been a friend in a previous common reincarnation.

VERY BAD FOR KISSING

Paris, August 9.—The Parisian's affection for his mustache and beard will probably not be affected by it, but savants here have just made an effective demonstration against the malevolent propensity of the half-adorned lip as a harbor to propagate disease.

A Parisienne allowed herself to be kissed by a clean-shaven and then by a brush. The microbes thus collected were desposited in a test tube and allowed to incubate four days. It was shown that the clean-shaven man had deposited a small quantity of harmless particles. His rival's lips had colonized the lady's lips with the bacilli of tuberculosis, diphtheria, pneumonia and numerous other unpleasant microbes.

King Pleads With Strikers



KING GUSTAVE, OF SWEDEN.

FARMERS BEG AID

Great Strike in Sweden Puts All the Crops in Danger.

Stockholm, August 9.—The opening of the second week of the labor troubles in Sweden shows no abatement of the conflict and the men already on strike continue to augment their forces by the addition of sympathizers in other trades. A general strike of railroad men is threatened for August 11.

The farmers' association today appealed to citizens of all classes to help them save the cereal crop, the harvesting of which is prevented by the strike of farm hands. The government supplemented this appeal by offering police protection to all persons assisting in the harvest.

Street cars are running on time in the capital and on all lines to Gothenburg, where the strikers have been replaced by strikebreakers.

King's Efforts in Vain.

King Gustave has personally taken a hand in the controversy, but his efforts have not borne fruit. His majesty sent a message to the parties at conflict, exhorting them to come to an agreement at the earliest moment possible and advising arbitration of the disputed questions.

It was after King Gustave's message had been read and approved at a cabinet meeting Saturday that his majesty summoned to the palace the two leaders of the warring factions, Director Von Sydow, of the employers, and Senator Lindquist, president of the Federation of Trades Unions, for a conference.

The result of this conference has not yet transpired, but apparently his majesty's efforts for a peaceful solution of the trouble was without result.

250 GIRLS FLEE FLAMES

Caught Sleeping by Early Morning Fire.

New York, August 7.—Two hundred and fifty inmates of the house of the Good Shepherd, in East Ninetieth street, near the East river, fled from the main building to the courtyard early today when a fire burned out nearly all the rooms on the eseond floor. A policeman aroused the occupants. The gates of the tall iron fence were locked and the policeman threw stones at the heavily screened windows until a watchman was aroused. The fire alarm was then sounded and the girl inmates ran into the courtyard in their night clothing. The firemen had to scale the fence before reaching the fire.

TAFT IS AT BEVERLY

President Now Rests by Rock-Bound Coast of Massachusetts.

Beverly, Mass., August 7.—President Taft reached here at 8:30 o'clock this morning and joined his family at this beautiful villa on Woodberry Point, where he will pass the remainder of the summer.

The President came from Washington in a private car attached to the federal express, and was accompanied by his private secretaries and Captain Archibald Butt, his military aide. The President's car was cut off from the federal express at the south station in Boston and transferred over the Grand Junction branch of the Boston & Albany railroad to East Somerville, where it ran as a special train over the eastern division of the Boston & Maine to the little Montserrat station on the outskirts of the city, but not far from the Taft residence. As he stepped from the train the President was greeted by the enthusiastic citizens of Beverly, and also found waiting for him his sons, his wife and Mrs. More. The Taft party immediately entered their automobile and were whirled over to Woodberry Point, half a mile away.

The final establishment of the summer capital in this city after several weeks of delay, was a source of much gratification to the citizens of Beverly as well as those along the north shore of Massachusetts bay, and everything possible will be done to make the President's visit here enjoyable and beneficial. When the President first engaged the Stetson cottage last April, it was expected that he would surely be here by the first or middle of June, and the two months delay in his arrival has been the source of much regret, and has upset several plans for his entertainment.

It is expected that the President will seek recreation in golf on the nearby links, motoring on the smooth roads of Essex county, a few excursions on the converted yacht Sylph, and possibly a couple of fishing trips with the children.

GETS ANONYMOUS THREATS

Hawaiian Judge Receives Letter From Jap Sympathizer.

Honolulu, August 7.—Circuit Judge John T. Debolt has received an anonymous communication threatening that if any of the Japanese implicated in the strike conspiracy are convicted in the trials now in progress he will meet a worse fate than that of Editor Sheba, of the Hawaii Shimpo, who was stabbed and wounded last week.

The trial of the men charged with consipacy will be pressed, despite the abandonment of the strike, which was called off yesterday.

The conspiracy was postponed until Monday because one juror was sick.

DIES IN ARMS OF BRIDE

American Consular Officer Is Victim of Tuberculosis.

Antwerp, August 5.—Joseph H. Leute, American vice and deputy consul general at Zurich, Switzerland, died in the arms of his young bride on board the steamer Marquette today just as the vessel was entering this port. Mr. Leute was married in Philadelphia on the eve of the sailing of the Marquette from that city July 25. Death resulted from tuberculosis. Mr. Leute was 25 years old and a native of Pennsylvania. He is said to have been a consular officer of great promise.

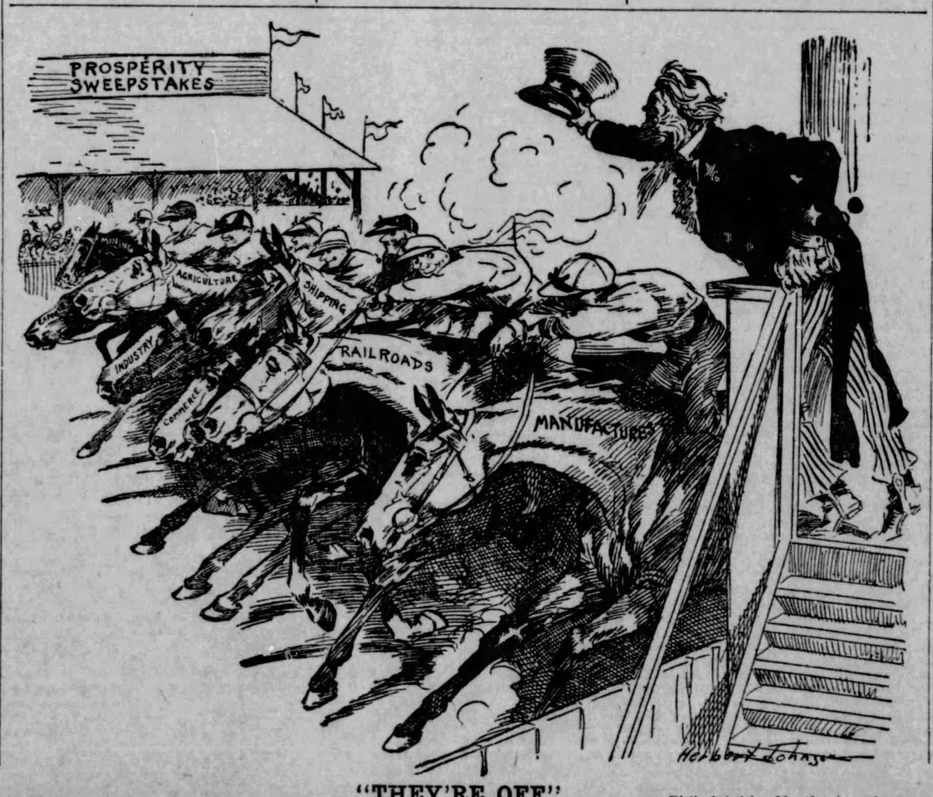
NEEDS CROWN AND SCEPTER

Otherwise Harriman Has All the Comforts of Royalty.

New York, August 6.—E. H. Harriman has purchased three miles of a public roadway from the town of Woodbury, Orange county, New York, and now it will be impossible for a stranger to approach closer than five miles to Mr. Harriman's magnificent new country mansion.

Mr. Harriman deeded to the town in exchange a private road five miles long, which he had built at his own expense and which covers a contiguous territory, but in a roundabout manner. He also is said to have paid a big cash price.

The Harriman family desires seclusion from strangers. The family is expected home in September.



"THEY'RE OFF" —Philadelphia North American.

TO RECONQUER SPAIN

Moors Believe Moment of Victory Is Here.

Alhucemas, August 5.—The Riffs are preaching a holy war against Spain, and a picturesque feature of their arguments is a revival of the old legend according to which the Riff Arabs, who are descendants of the Moors, driven out of Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella, are destined to clear the Spaniards out of Africa, cross to Spain and reconquer the country over which Boabdil, the last king of Grenada, ruled. Every Riff family is being visited by the priests and told that the time for the fulfillment of this legend is now at hand and urged to enter the war to regain the Alhambra.

Defeated on Second Attack.

Melilla, Morocco, Aug. 5.—The Moors who yesterday attacked a Spanish commissary convoy obliged the Spaniards to retire until the arrival of reinforcements. The Spaniards then advanced and drove the enemy back.

General Strike Expected.

Cerbere, August 5.—It is reported here today that a general strike is likely to break out in Spain, owing to the refusal of the authorities to permit pacific demonstrations against the war in Morocco and in favor of the release of the men confined in the fortress since the rioting at Barcelona last week.

TO STOP COINAGE

Secretary of the Treasury Decides to Change Lincoln Coppers.

Washington, August 5.—Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh announced today that he had decided to have the minting of the new Lincoln pennies stopped for the present and that the new dies would be prepared as soon as possible, eliminating the initials of the designer, which now appear so prominently, and substituting the single initial B in an obscure part of the design. The secretary said that none of the pennies issued so far would be called in, but that the minting would be stopped because a sufficient supply was on hand. The initials V. D. B. are those of the designer, V. D. Brenner, of New York, and the single initial, in an inconspicuous place will be left in the new dies, as recognition of Mr. Brenner's work.

This decision as to changing the dies created much surprise, as it was announced at the treasury department yesterday that the new coins would be continued in circulation at present at least and that the use of the initials on them was merely in line with a custom that had prevailed for years. The prominent position given the initials, however, awakened widespread criticism, and today's action followed the consideration of the matter.

Mr. MacVeagh said today that he did not know that the initials would appear in embossed form on the pennies and that he was surprised when he saw the prominent place they had been given in the design. It has been customary in the past to allow designers to cut one or more of their initials into the design somewhere, but these letters usually have been so small as to require a magnifying glass to discover them. On the Lincoln pennies Mr. Brenner's initials appear directly under the two sheafs and are in the same character of letters, though not quite so large as the demination and the words "In God We Trust."

BUYS LION FOR WATCHDOG

New Jersey Man Will Have Cute Little Protection.

New York, August 6.—With supreme confidence in himself as a budding "Bonavita," Walter Cook, of Mountainside, N. J., has bought a lion cub and says he is going to train it as a dog. He wants the animal to take the place of a watchdog.

He purposes to turn it loose at night to guard his chickens. Thieves have visited his yard many times recently.

EX-SHAH OFFERED PENSION

To Get $75,000 Yearly if He Returns State Jewels.

Teheran, August 5.—It is understood the government will offer Mohamed Ali, former shah, an annual pension of $75,000 on condition that he will deliver up the jewels enumerated in the nationalist inventory or inform the government how he disposed of the missing gems.

It is believed Mohamed Ali will accept, and his departure, probably for Russia, is expected within a fortnight.

MUST DIE FOR OLD CRIME

Sentence Is Passed After Delay of Eleven Years.

Ft. Smith, Ark., August 7.—Because he attacked an eleven-year-old girl in 1898, William Bowman was today sentenced to death. He was convicted once before, but on technical grounds got a new trial. The girl, now twenty-two years old, appeared in the case both times as prosecuting witness.

All Who Would Enjoy

good health, with its blessings, must understand, quite clearly, that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best, each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to living aright. Then the use of medicines may be dispensed with to advantage, but under ordinary conditions in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time and the California Fig Syrup Co. holds that it is alike important to present the subject truthfully and to supply the one perfect laxative to those desiring it.

Consequently, the Company's Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna gives general satisfaction. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

CORN HARVESTER cuts and throws in piles on harvester or whirrows. Man and horse cuts and shocks equal with a corn binder. Sold in every state. Price $15. Testimonials and catalogue free, showing harvester at work.
New Process Mfg. Co., Salina, Kansas.

Your harvester received and is O. K.; all you claim for it. My daughters have been working the harvester and call it easy work. According to the old fashion way with the corn knife. Would like the agency for the harvester. Wm. Sommerfeldt, Monroe, Wis.

MAKE MONEY
in business for yourself; gold, silver and nickel plating; new process. For full particulars and information address
THE LUCE NOVELTY WORKS,
14 DeRuyer St., Binghamton, N. Y.

WANTS A SEA COAST

Bolivia Has Reason for War With Peru.

Washington, August 9.—Is Bolivia seeking a pretense to bring on a war with Peru? This question is being asked by South American diplomats who are watching every development in the situation in which Argentina, Bolivia and Peru are directly interested and Chile and Brazil indirectly. Some of the diplomats profess to think that the excitement in Bolivia over the Argentine award which was favorable to Peru, is really a blind on the part of the politicians there to bring about an armed conflict with Peru nominally to secure a more satisfactory adjustment of the boundaries of the disputed tract, but actually aimed at territorial conquest.

Bolivia has no sea coast. A successful war with Peru might give her an outlet to the sea by demanding as an indemnity Moquegua province, the southernmost in Peru, and adjoining the Chilean frontier. In that province is the harbor of Ilo, at the mouth of the river of that name. The harbor is said to be an excellent one and its acquisition by Bolivia would be of great advantage to her.

Much depends on the attitude to be assumed by the Bolivian congress which opened its sessions Saturday. If Argentina's award is accepted that should prevent further trouble, but if on the contrary, Bolivia refused to abide by that decision and proceeds to occupy the disputed territory serious trouble is ahead.

Chile's probable attitude in the event of hostilities between Bolivia and Peru also is being discussed with much animation. Her financiers have been spending considerable money in the work of railroad construction in Bolivia and the popular sympathies are believed to be with that country. Her unfriendliness to Peru dates back to the Chilean-Peruvian war of a quarter of a century ago.

With Chile's assistance, Bolivia would have a decided advantage, and from the military standpoint, it is believed, could more easily effect the prior occupation of the disputed tract because of the practical impossibility of Peru's transporting men and munitions of war over the Andes and the necessity of reaching the country in a roundabout way.

FEAR ATTACK ON THE CZAR

Germans Will Guard Him Closely While on Canal.

Kiel, August 6.—The German fleet, under the command of Admiral Prince Henry of Prussia, returned here today from its cruise to the Spanish coast and is now engaged in taking on coal preparatory to putting to sea again to be review, off Kiel, by Emperor Nicholas, who is expected here tomorrow on board the Russian imperial yacht Standardt, from Cowes. Sixteen battleships and fourteen cruisers will itake part in the maneuvers.

Emperor Nicholas is again to pass through the Kiel canal and the extraordinary precautions for his safety while so doing, adopted last week, will be repeated. Both sides of the canal will be picketed, at short intervals, by marines, all traffic on the waterway will be stopped and cavalry will follow the Standardt, marching along the banks at the same speed as the emperor's yacht.

SALT LAKE OPENS DOORS TO GRAND ARMY VETERANS

Salt Lake City, Utah, August 9.—The occupation of the city by the Grand Army of the Republic is complete. Coming in force from all directions the veterans have won every strategical position and command all communications.

On the program this is the first day of the forty-third encampment; in practice it is a day of wholesale greeting. Edgar Allen, commander-in-chief of the Sons of Veterans, is among the day's arrivals. He will be tendered a reception by his organization this evening. The National Association of Army Nurses is well represented.

The first formal gathering was that of the Union Ex-Prisoners of War, who met in the Federation of Labor hall at 10 o'clock. The national executive committee of this association will meet at the headquarters of the commander this evenning. Canvas villages are springing up in the parks and the boys of '61 will soon be playing the game of war under a softened form of military rule.

The beginning of the encampment finds the army fanned by cool mountain breezes and the sun in retreat. Every veteran wears a bronze badge suspended by a tiny flag from a bronze bar, which opens every door to its wearer and clears his path in a crowd. If he boards a street car the magic emblem makes him invisible to the collector; should he travel to the lake or other resorts, the talisman blinds the gate keepers and the ticket takers.

The railroads have poured their heavy passenger traffic into Salt Lake with few mishaps, and these of a trivial character. The veterans and members of affiliated organizations are outnumbered by the tourists and sightseers. The arrivals yesterday were estimated at 6,000. All who have come have been accommodated without difficulty and there is still a large supply of rooms upon which to draw.

Two camp fires, one at Assembly hall in the Temple Square and the other at the Armory, will be attended by the Grand Army members tonight. A local celebration, the entrance of the Wizard of the Wasatch and his satellites, will afford an outdoor spectacle at 9 o'clock and throughout the evening Commander Nevius, of the Grand Army of the Republic, his staff and officers of allied organizations will meet the visitors at a reception under the auspices of women citizen's committee in the Commercial club parlors.

LOOKS TO FARMS

True Decency Not Found in Large Cities Says Booth Tarkington.

New York, August 5.—Arraigning New York caustically for lack of old-fashioned goodness or even decency, Booth Tarkington, playwright, author and cosmopolite, declares that the woman of the farm, town and small city now is the intellectual censor of the nation, and adds, "In her hands the nation's moral health will remain sound." For its ethics, or lack of them, and its provincialism New York's type is ridiculed.

"The ethical and intellectual censorship of the United States," he says, "lies with the woman of the province—the Country Girl she might proudly prefer to be called. The censorship is where it should be—in the hands of Molly Stark. While it remains there the nation's moral health will remain sound. When it passes elsewhere it will be time to emigrate—for the children's sake.

"A theatrical manager of my acquaintance will sometimes say of a play, 'It won't do for Chillicothe, Ohio. I don't want it.' He declares that Chillicothe gives his productions an audience of wider culture and keener intelligence than he finds in New York. Chillicothe, he asserts, still cares for Shakespeare, and he goes on to say that Chillicothe knows who Shakespeare was, which, in his opinion, Broadway does not. 'Chillicothe,' says this manager, 'has time to think! Broadway,' he observes, 'will often crowd to an indecent performance; Chillicothe will not; the women of Chillicothe won't' let it.' And the plays that he rejects because they won't do for Chillicothe, Ohio, are 'the salacious plays, the cheap, the decadent and the stupid.'

"Certain influences detrimental to the growth of mind (particularly during youth attend residence in very large cities, and the most potent is boulevardism, or the concentration of the resident's whole interest in the passing events of his own locality. It may be defined as neighborhood absorption without the neighborhood's relation to the rest of the universe. Thus the boulevardier is a gossip-in-little—the loafer of the court house fence.

"Outside of the Orient, Paris—of all great cities—most limits itself to itself; after Paris, New York. The New Yorker's ignorance of the United States is notorious. He is a mere burgher and his town is a walled town. Within the walls he keeps to his own guild, his own daily walk; he is suspicious and will not even take the air of an evening save in the company of tried friends; he knows little of his own town. It is only the stranger within his gates—the tourist from Chillicothe—who studies the mint, the Metropolitan Museum and the navy yard. Last year a rumor was floated that a native of Manhattan had visited Bedloe's Island; personally I cannot believe it. The New Yorker is a provincial even in his own province. Nay, he scorns a wider knowledge of it, and the investigators—real travelers who acquire more information about New York in a week than the native in his life, he names in derision 'Rubbernecks.' That is the New Yorker's name for us when we come seeking wisdom in New York.

"He calls all of his country outside of New York 'provincials,' and the piteous thing about that is: he honestly believes it. If it were not for our mourning his condition, we might, with undimmed joy, accept the compliment, for it is not in the metropolis but in the provinces that the morality, the same enthusiasm and the patriotism of a country lodge. It is the women of the provinces who make it so."

SAYS TARIFF IS O. K.

Representative Taylor Has Scored Rebels.

Columbus, August 9.—"Talk about the immortal twenty, the so-called roll of honor that stood out against the tariff, why, half of them objected because it had too much free trade in it. La Follette, of Wisconsin, is a brainy man, but he's a fakler. He is a Chautauqua lecturer, who wants to salve up the people. Beveridge is a magazine writer, looking for something to write about, and the tariff gave him a good chance to get in the limelight."

This was one of the statements made by Representative E. L. Taylor, Jr.

"I believe that as time goes by and rates adjust themselves the people will discover that they have a mighty equitable tariff," he continued. "It has given substantial decreases, and I am satisfied that business will take a jump now that it is out of the way. To Taft and Payne it is very satisfactory, as it is to most of us. It redeems promises made by the administration. There are three downward revisions to one increase in duty, and these principally on luxuries like wines and spirituous liquors. I believe the free pertoleum will help the Standard Oil. I have an idea it owns the wells in Mexico and other places seeking entrance.

"I think there should be a tariff commission appointed to look after the schedules and change them from time to time as conditions warrant. It is too big a task for congress to handle intelligently, and should be left to experts.

"In this bill it has been our desire to pass a bill for all the people, not for any special interests."

TO COMPROMISE FOR $10,000

Washington, August 10.—The Cascade Distilling company of Nashville, Tenn. will be allowed to settle the case against it and its officers, on account of whisky seizures in April last, for $10,000 and costs. The department of justice today recommended the acceptance of this compromise, and the treasury department has approved it.

$3.50 Recipe Cures Weak Men -- Free

Send Name and Address Today —You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3568 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary envelope, free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $5.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

Foretells the Future

MRS. ANNIE BESANT.

SEES COMING OF JESUS

Mrs. Besant Says Saviour Will Be on Earth in This Generation.

Detroit, August 10.—That Jesus Christ again will come to the earth before children now living are dead, is the declaration of Mrs. Annie Besant, the English woman who heads the Theosophical society.

"If the little children of today live out their spans of natural life," she said, "they undoubtedly will be on earth when Christ is reincarnated. No, I have never said that Christ is to come in the form of a woman. It is possible for Him to do so, but I imagine He will be the better able to do His work if He comes as a man."

Mrs. Besant is gray and shrewd. When seated, she appears to be feeble, and one gains the impression that she is the victim of an incipient palsy. But when she rises to her feet she is as alert and as spry as a girl.

The most pointed questions embarrass her not, and her smile is always amiable and searching. Her replies are clear and matter of fact. Her accent is that of a cultured English woman. Her dress is simple.

On Eve of New Epoch

"The Great Master who was the founder of every epoch-making religion has incarnated many times—the last time he came as Christ, he said.

"Christ is coming again because we are at the beginning of a new epoch. Of course I am speaking only roughly now, although I have worked the thing out pretty well. Science has progressed until man can go little further with it. The chemist's tools are so delicate that they can be no more improved. The world is ready for a new leader—I will not say for a new revelation, because theosophy is not a revealed religion, but a religion of evolution.

"The new revelation will be a scientific revelation—it will carry knowledge beyond its present limits."

Won't Talk About Rival.

The one thing that Mrs. Besant evidently does not like to talk about is Katherine Tingley and her fellow secders.

"I never pay any attention to her criticisms," she remarked cautiously.

"How about the attack by one of her friends, in pamphlet form, on yourself and Mr. Leadbeater? Shall you sue for libel?"

"No, indeed. That is just what she wants me to do. A person with a good reputation does not need to defend herself."

Mrs. Besant is going to California, to Los Angeles and San Diego, in the neighborhood of Mrs. Tingley's colony, and she admits that it is possible she may meet her rival.

WOULD SHATTER ALL

Mayor of Virginia Town Threatens Railroad.

Philadelphia, August 5.—Charged with sending threatening letters to President McCrea, of the Pennsylvania Railroad company, with a view of extorting money, Abram C. Eby, alias Adam Smith, said to be the mayor of Burkeville, Va., was arrested and given a hearing before United States Commissioner Craig. He was held in $10,000 bail.

O. J. Derousse, chief clerk to Mr. McCrea, was the principal witness, and testified, in substance, that one letter stated that unless $45,000 was forwarded to the writer he threatened the destruction of the railroad with high explosives, also the destruction of steamships, elevators and the endangering of the lives of the traveling public.

M. Derousse further testified that, according to instructions from Eby, a "personal" was inserted in the Richmond Times-Dispatch. Following this $150 was sent him, along with transportation to this city. He came here and following negotiations he was arrested.

Eby could not furnish bail. A postal official from a town near where the letters were mailed when asked Eby's excuse for sending the letters, said:

"Mr. Eby has long entertained a spite against the Pennsylvania railroad. Through the reorganization of a branch road in Virginia, following changes in the Pennsylvania railroad Mr. Eby's father is said to have lost $200,000. He feels that the $45,000 he asks is justly due him on that account. He is the mayor of Burkeville and likewise a referee in bankruptcy."

PULLS TEETH FOR 66 YEARS

West Chester, Pa., August 10.—After 66 years of continuous practice in dentistry in this borough, Dr. Jesse Cope Green, 92 years of age, today retired from the practice of his profession.

It is said he is the oldest dentist in years and in point of service in this country, and daily rides his bicycle about the streets of the town.

"KILLED AS HE FLED"

New Version of the Death of Lieutenant Sutton Given by Sergeant of Marines.

Boston, August 10.—"Lieutenant Sutton was shot and killed by one of his brother officers as he ran across the parade ground at Annapolis."

This is the latest version of the death of the young marine officer whose so-called suicide two years ago is being probed by the court of inquiry now in session at the naval academy.

Sergeant's Startling Story.

This new and sensational story is told by Sergeant Arthur Todd, of the marine corps, who has been on range duty at Wakefield, but left early today for Annapolis. In describing the shooting, Sergeant Todd says:

"I was corporal of the guard on the night that Lieutenant Sutton was shot, and from the place where I was standing I saw a figure about 250 feet away.

"I saw Lieutenants Adams and Osterman and recognized them. They were nearer me. The man who was in shirt sleeves started to run and I heard a voice cry: 'Stop running. You're under arrest.'

"The man ran on, and once more I heard the same voice cry out loudly: 'Stop running or I'll shoot.'

"The man paid no attention and ran on, and then the next moment I saw a flash and heard a revolver report. There were three other shots, and the man who was running dropped. I do not know at what shot.

"I ran over to him and bent over. It was Lieutenant Sutton. I saw a hole in the man's forehead where there was a ragged entrance and a hole back of the left ear where the bullet came out clean.

"Lieutenant Roelker, who has been so often mentioned in the case, came into the guardroom, where I then was, a short time before the shooting. He was with a private named Richardson and they had a drink together. At the time of the shooting he was not anywhere in sight.

"The next morning an enlisted man found a revolver on the ball field, which was not the regular service revolver, but a 32-calibre affair."

Bullet Hit Roelker.

"Just after the shooting when I had returned to the guard room, Roelker came in, all out of breath and greatly excited. He said:

"'My God, I think I've been shot.'

"I laughed at him at first, but he was so earnest about it that I felt in his left hand outside pocket just over his heart. There was a drill regulation book there and a bullet had become mushroomed in the pages.

"Roelker was very excited when I pulled out the book and showed him the bullet. He striped to the skin, and there was a perceptible reddish tinge just over the heart, showing just where the bullet would have gone had the book not interposed.

"Roelker and I talked the matter over, and we agreed that he must have run into the fire of the bullets, one of which had killed Sutton. There were four shots that I heard in all and one of them, I am convinced, struck Roelker.

"I have wondered more than once why I have not been called to go before the court of inquiry and tell what I know."

SISTER OF DEAD OFFICER WORKED FOR MOTHER'S SAKE

Annapolis, August 10.—At today's session of the naval inquiry Mrs. Rose Sutton Parker, sister of Lieutenant Sutton, was called to the witness stand at the forenoon session. Mr. Davis examined her. Mrs. Parker said she started for Annapolis on the day following her brother's death, previously making preliminary arrangements for his burial at Arlington, because, as a suicide he could not be buried in the cemetery lot of the family in Portland, they being members of the Roman Catholic church.

She was advised by Colonel Doyen, commandant of marines, not to look at her brother's body, owing to the condition of the head. She told of receiving at the barracks clothing and other effects of her brother's, and of sending them home to Portland. She returned to Portland after having been here about ten days. She stated that her brother was not given burial according to the customs of his faith.

Mrs. Parker told of interviews in her room at Carvel hall, with several of the young lieutenants. She asked that Lieutenant Adams see her alone, because Lieutenant Adams seemed ill at ease when she met him, and because she believed he had information which he would probably not give her in the presence of others. The interview began at 4 and ended at 10 p. m. Relating what passed, she said she asked Adams to tell her everything about her brother's death and not spare her feelings, and that Adams told her of Lieutenant Sutton's unpopularity with his brother officers.

Reading from the record of Lieutenant Adams' testimony questions which the latter had declared he could not answer, as he did not remember, Mrs. Parker declared that Lieutenant Adams told her of the incidents of the fight that followed the automobile trip to "the dump." She said Adams told her her brother went for weapons, having declared he would kill Adams, Utley and Osterman, and that he described the final encounter. Mrs. Parker said Adams told her he would not swear her brother committed suicide; that he knew if Sutton had lived his own life would have been in danger, "that Sutton would 'get' me."

Adams, she said, stated that Lieutenant Utley hated Sutton and had declared some one ought to "take it out of him." Adams told Mrs. Parker, she said, that if Capt. Marix claimed Sutton owed him money, not to pay it, as Sutton owed him nothing. After the interviews, Adams, she said, accepted her invitation to dinner, which was taken with two other men at a restaurant. Mrs. Parker paid for the dinner. Adams had told her that every one in Annapolis believed he had killed Sutton. She disclaimed to him such belief.

Mrs. Parker, told Adams, she said, that all she wanted was to prove her brother was not a suicide, as was he that his mother would, by her faith, be compelled to believe her son's soul lost. She told Adams if she could do this the case would be dropped.

Mr. Davis here announced that he had concluded Mrs. Parker's direct examination.

Mrs. Sutton, mother of the dead marine officer, was recalled to the stand at the request of her counsel. Mr. Davis, and identified a visiting card of Lieutenant A. M. Sumner, bearing some writing, which, however, was not read, pending the appearance of Lieutenant Sumner, who has been summoned as a witness, he being now in Norfolk, Va.

Mr. Davis presented two letters, which were read by members of the court and the counsel. Attorney Birney, representing Lieutenant Adams, objected to their introduction, but the judge advocate urged that they be admitted and the court ruled in his favor. The letters were identified by Mrs. Sutton as having been written by Lieutenant Sutton, one to her and one to his brother. They were chatty, intimate and hopeful in character. That to Mrs. Sutton was mailed the day before Lieutenant Sutton was shot, and contained no hint that he meditated suicide, but spoke of his plans for the future.

Mrs. Sutton also identified a bill of lading as having been written by her son. Mr. Davis offered it as evidence showing that Lieutenant Sutton had no thought of suicide, but looked forward with pleasure to going around the world on the great cruise of the United States battleship fleet in 1907.

Charles H. Russell, a laundryman of this city, was called as a witness. Replying to Mr. Davis' questions he said that on October 14, 1907, he received from Lieutenant Adams a shirt, collar and cuffs that were bloodstained, one cuff having been saturated and the right side of the shirt bosom having a great deal of blood upon it.

BEASTS AND BRUTES

So Mrs. Sutton Calls Naval Officers.

Annapolis, Md., August 9.—At the reconvening this morning of the court of inquiry into the death of Lieutenant James N. Sutton, U. S. marine corps, who died in the latter part of 1907, who was declared a suicide by a later board of inquiry, the judge advocate, Major Henry Leonard, moved that the letters read at the closed session of the court on Saturday, when Mrs. Sutton, the mother of the dead lieutenant, was on the stand, be made public. This motion was criticised by Henry E. Davis, counsel for Mrs. Sutton, and supported by A. E. Birney, counsel for Lieutenant Adams.

Mrs. Sutton had bitterly criticised her examination and the reading of these letters secretly on Saturday, but Mr. Davis declared that the public reading of the letters at this time would be merely a catering to a prurient curiosity. Major Leonard declared the public is entitled to know the contents of the letters. The court ruled that the motion of the judge advocate be acceded to, and the record of Saturday's session was read.

The reading showed that Mrs. Sutn identified a number of letters as having been written by her. The first of these was to Harry M. Schwartz, paymaster's office, United States marine corps, Washington, D. C., and asked if he was a friend of her son's, to whom she could write with confidence as to his sympathy.

A second letter to Mr. Schwartz gave a version of what occurred on the night of Lieutenant Sutton's death, and also detailed numerous wounds on the face and head which Mrs. Sutton wrote had been inflicted upon her son. She referred frequently to those who were with Lieutenant Sutton when he was shot as "wild beasts." In this letter the name of Miss May E. Stewart, of Pittsburg, was mentioned. Mrs. Sutton asked Schwartz to find out from Osterman and the others who were in the automobile with Sutton on the fatal night, what had acutally happened preceding the shooting.

A third letter to Schwartz gave further details of what Mrs. Sutton had, she said, discovered, and referred to those who were with her son when he died as "low brutes." She referred to a letter from her son in which he described his fellow officers as "low cads," and referred in words of bitter criticism to Lieuteants Adams, Osterman and others.

This letter described the receipt of the news by her at her home of her son's death, and said that she felt at that time that her son was with her and that he described to her the manner of his death which, she wrote, he declared was due to a shot fired by Lieutenant Adams. Mrs. Sutton wept quietly while her own words as to her son's death were being read.

After the reading of the letters the reading of the record of Saturday showed Mrs. Sutton to have been asked many questions as to evidence in her possession to support her contentions. She referred to letters received by her from Miss Stewart, Prof. Coleman and others, and to the record of the first investigation as sufficient evidence.

The reading of the record concluded, Mrs. Sutton was cross-examined by Mr. Birney and said she had received her information relative to the wounds she believed to have been suffered by her son from the testimony at the first investigation, and which she had believed was given under oath.

Mr. Birney was still cross-examining when recess was taken, Mrs. Sutton holding her own quite well against him.

Just before recess, Mr. Davis interrupted Mr. Birney to protest against what he called the "utter futility" of his line of questioning, but this was allowed to continue.

WOMEN UNDERTAKERS

Did you know that there are 126 women in this country who can do your plumbing? That any one of 786 women in this broad land could fill your teeth and perform other dental operations? The 1,041 women can and do plan houses? That 3,373 make a practice of preaching of a Sunday from a pulpit, and 1,010 defend prisoners at the bar?

That 545 are carpenters and can drive a nail without pounding their thumbs? That there are 167 women masons, 1,365 women work in mines and 84 who are engineers? And, more remarkable still, that 193 women are blacksmiths by profession, and that you can be buried by any one of the 323 women undertakers?

These, at any rate, were some of the statistics which Mrs. Frederick Nathan flashed on the lecture room full of Paris gowned, Fifth avenue clothed and 125th street dressed women who foregathered in Havemeyer hall at Columbia University, at New York, to hear her speak on "Working Women and Equal Franchise" and to see Mrs. Katherine Mackay introduce her.

Mrs. Mackay is president of the Equal Franchise society, as many persons already know, and Mrs. Nathan is its vice president, besides being president of the Consumers' league.

"It is considered a far cry from a monarchy to a democracy," said Mrs. Nathan as she drew off her long white gloves, "and yet in all but four states in this great country of ours universal suffrage is a delusion and a snare."

Women, she said, were made to bear the burden of what men thought out, and even female property owners didn't get all they deserved. Concerning the old idea that suffrage was dependent upon ownership, she told a story of a man in Philadelphia whose only possession was a donkey, and when the animal died his citizenship was taken away. "It was a doubtful question," was her comment, "which of the two donkeys had really been disfranchised."

HARVEST NEVER SO BIG

Corn and Oats Break Records, with Wheat Yield Equalled but Once.

RECORDS BROKEN BY HARVEST FOR 1909.

The year's record crops of grain as shown in the government report are as follows:

	Indicated yield.	Previous record.
Wheat.	724,233,000	748,460,000
Corn .	2,943,162,000	2,927,416,000
Oats ..	998,598,000	987,843,000

Prices of grain for September delivery this year compared with last year are as follows:

	1908.	1909.
Wheat	93½	98⅛
Corn	77⅝	64⅛
Oats	48⅝	36⅝

Washington, D. C., August 10.—The government official crop report for August shows that more grain than ever before matured in a single year in the United States already has been harvested or is now ripening.

Only onec has such a large quantity of wheat been harvested, while corn and oats smash all previous records.

Huge Task for Roads.

Never in history has such a huge task confronted the railroads as the moving of the stupendous harvest to market, and never have the railroads been so prepared for their work. Along the lines of the principal roads in the great grain producing states stand miles and miles of empty box cars, ready for the loading, while thousands of engines, new or overhauled during the period of depression just drawing to a close, stand, with steam up, ready to rush them to Chicago, Minneapolis and other terminal cities, where the almost empty elevators yawn for the golden grain, and boats and cars are ready to carry the surplus to other and less-favored nations which must look to bountiful America for a large portion of their food supply.

To add to the joy of the farmer, prices are high and bid fair to remain so. Usually the farmer gets high prices only in years of scarcity, while, in many instances, prices in bounteous years have been so low as to make it unprofitable to market the crops. On not a few occasions in the last twenty years have wheat and corn been used for fuel. Last year was a lean year, but in spite of this wheat prices are now above last year's level, while corn and oats values are high enough to make their marketing profitable.

Figures a Surprise.

The government figures, especially on winter wheat, were a surprise even to the most optimistic. Threshing returns indicate an average yield for the country of 15.5 bushels to the acre, or a total of 432,000,000 bushels, whereas, a month ago only 397,000,000 was looked for. Last year's yield of winter wheat was 437,000,000 bushels. It is in the great states of the northwest, however, that prosperity is most bountiful.

Already in South Dakota and southern Minnesota the reapers are cutting and binding the greatest wheat crop in the history of the northwest. In another week the harvesting machines will be heard in North Dakota, while from all three states come cries for thousands of men to help gather the immense crop. In a very short time thousands of freight cars loaded to the top will be pouring into Minneapolis and Duluth, and the predictions of scarcity made early in the spring will be things of the past.

Reports on April Wheat.

The present crop promise in the was:

leading spring wheat states as compared with the final official last year,

	Acreage.	Ind. yield Aug. 7 '09.	Final of 1908.
Minnesota	5,731,000	84,246,000	68,557,000
N. Dakota	6,371,000	100,962,000	65,428,000
S. Dakota	3,195,000	46,967,000	37,862,000
Total	15,297,000	232,175,000	174,847,000

On the above showing the three important spring wheat states will produce 58,328,000 bushels more wheat this year than last.

Getting down to cold figures, the government's report on the condition of growing corn on August 1 gave an average of 84.4, as compared with 89.3 last month, 82.5 on August 1, 1908, and 82.6, the average of August 1 for the last ten years.

From Corn States.

Comparisons for important corn states follow:

	Condition— Aug., 1909.	July, 1909.	Aug., 1908.	10-yr. Aug. av.
Illinois	91	94	77	84
Iowa	85	86	83	84
Texas	80	82	86	76
Missouri	88	91	74	80
Nebraska	93	91	86	83
Kansas	90	91	76	78
Oklahoma	63	94	80	82
Indiana	94	93	75	85
Georgia	90	90	98	86
Ohio	90	90	85	85
Kentucky	87	89	84	84
Tennessee	78	80	84	82
Alabama	76	77	87	82
North Carolina	78	83	91	87
Arkansas	76	91	79	81
Mississippi	69	72	86	78
Louisiana	88	91	87	80
South Carolina	84	87	88	81
South Dakota	92	93	90	86
Virginia	77	90	89	88
United States	84.4	89.3	82.5	82.6

Winter Wheat By States.

The August quality of the winter wheat crops is 90.3, against 90.1 last year. Comparison for important winter wheat states follow:

	Production. bu., 1909.	Production. bu., 1908.
Kansas	85,478,000	78,182,000
Indiana	34,241,000	45,169,000
Nebraska	42,040,000	40,317,000
Missouri	28,562,000	22,260,000
Illinois	33,721,000	30,212,000
Pennsylvania	25,551,000	29,415,000
Ohio	23,278,000	33,328,000
Oklahoma	14,848,000	15,625,000
California	12,096,000	11,680,000
Tennessee	8,133,000	8,190,000
Virginia	8,758,000	8,892,000
Maryland	11,034,000	12,546,000
Michigan	14,232,000	15,732,000
Texas	6,132,000	10,164,000
Kentucky	7,800,000	8,793,000
Washington	16,951,000	14,112,000
Toltal	432,920,000	437,908,000

The average condition of spring wheat on August 1 was 91.6, as compared with 92.7 last month, 80.7 on August 1, 1908, and 81.1 the ten-year average on August 1. Comparisons for important spring wheat states follow:

	Pct. of U. S. acreage in state.	Aug. 1, 1909.	July 1, 1909.	Aug.1,10-year 1908.	Aug.av.
N. Dakota	34.6	93.0	95.0	75.0	78.0
Minnesota	31.2	92.0	92.0	86.0	82.0
S. Kakota	17.4	92.0	94.0	90.0	82.0
Washington	4.9	90.0	90.0	60.0	85.0
U. S.	100.0	91.6	92.7	80.7	81.1

Figures Given on Oats.

The average condition of the oats crop on August 1 was 85.5, as compared with 88.3 last month, 76.8 on August 1, 1908, and 83.1 the ten-year average on August 1.

Comparisons for important oats states follow:

State.	Per cent U. S. Average.	Condition— Aug. 1, 1909.	July 1, 1909.	Aug. 7, 1908.	10-yr. av.
Illinois	13.4	90	92	58	81
Iowa	13.0	81	83	79	85
Minnesota	8.4	89	91	80	86
Nebraska	7.6	80	91	80	79
Wisconsin	7.0	84	91	90	88
Indiana	5.6	92	96	58	82
Ohio	5.0	91	93	70	87
N. Dakota	4.6	92	94	72	80
S. Dakota	4.3	91	91	87	88
Michigan	4.1	81	86	85	90
New York	4.0	80	86	90	90
Pen'sylvania	3.1	79	90	86	89
Kansas	3.0	88	87	72	67
U. S.	100.0	85.5	88.3	76.8	83.1

Amount of Crops on Hand.

The proportion of last year's oats crop in farmers' hands on August 1 was about 3.3 per cent or 26,523,000 bushels, a compared with 5.0 per cent (38,000,000 bushels) of the 1907 crop on hand August 1, 1908, and 6.3 per cent (53,000,000 bushels), the August proportion on hand for the past ten years on August 1.

The August condition of barley on August 1 was 85.4, as compared with 90.2 last month, 83.1 on August 1, 1908, 84.5 on August 1, 1907, and 86.1 the ten years' average on August 1.

The average condition of rye on August 1 or at harvest was 89.1, as compared with 91.4 last month, 88.3 on August 1, 1908, 88.9 on August 1, 1907, and 87.9 the ten years' average at time of harvest.

The acreage of buckwheat is about 801,000 acres, or 0.1 per cent (2,000 acres) less than last year. The condition of the crop on August 1 was 86.3, as compared with 89.4 last year, 91.9 two years ago and 91.7 for the ten years' average on August 1.

Condition of Potatoes.

The average condition of white potatoes on August 1 was 85.8, as compared with 93 last month, 82.9 on August 1, 1908, 88.5 on August 1, 1907, and 86.7 the ten years' average on August 1.

The preliminary estimates of the acreage of hay is 45,581,000 acres or 1.9 per cent (905,000 acres) less then last year. The average condition of the hay crop of August 1 was 86.8, as compared with 87.8 last month, 92.1 on August 1, 1908, and a ten-year average on August 1 of approximately 87. Details by states of the above, and other crops investigated, will be published in the August report.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Tuesday, August 3.—Senate.—When the senate met today it was at once apparent that opposition to the conference report on the tariff bill had collapsed, and an agreement was soon reached to vote on the measure at 2 o'clock Thursday. The western senators agreed to vote on the bill at that time under the understanding that a concurrent resolution would be passed correcting the hide and leather schedule. The change will make manufactured leather dutiable at 10, instead of 15 per cent. Senator Culberson said he would seek to have cotton bagging included in the concurrent resolution. Mr. Aldrich, in replying to Mr. Newlands, said that the conference provision giving the President power to secure information on the maximum clause would be found more effective than the senate clause. Senator Clapp attacked the conference report and Senator McCumber supported it. The senate adjourned until noon tomorrow.

House.—After being in session seven minutes today the house took recess until 3 o'clock this afternoon. In answer to Mr. McCall (Missouri), Mr. Dalzell (Pennsylvania) said the adjournment was moved in order that the members might take action on the conference report on the urgent deficiency appropriation bill, and that the tariff bill would not be brought in. When the house reconvened there was a very slim attendance, and the report was not ready, so the house adjourned until tomorrow noon.

Wednesday, August 4.—Senate.—The progressive senators occupied most of the time that the senate today a night session being necessary to allow them to express their views on the tariff bill. There was a very small attendance, interest centering on the vote to be taken at 2 o'clock tomorrow. Mr. Beveridge attacked the wording of the maximum and minimum clause and Mr. Hale defended it. Mr. Aldrich reported a concurrent resolution which is expected to remedy the leather schedule to meet the views of the range senators.

House.—The house today passed the urgent deficiency bill as reported by the conferees. It carries $1,000,000, or an increase of $666,000. The provisions for automobiles for the speaker and the vice president and the customs court were retained despite bitter opposition. The bill makes no provision for salaries of the judges of the court. Adjournment was taken till noon tomorrow.

Thursday, August 5.—Senate.—The senate convened at 10 o'clock and, after four hours' debate, passed the Payne tariff bill by a vote of 47 to 31. The conference report on the urgent deficiency bill was agreed to early in the day. A concurrent resolution to correct the leather joker in the tariff bill was passed, as was a similar resolution providing for more drawbacks on agricultural products and putting cotton bagging on the free list. On receiving word that President Taft had signed the tariff bill the senate adjourned sine die at 6 o'clock.

House.—The house passed the concurrent resolution remedying the leather joker, but Mr. Payne defeated the resolution on drawbacks and cotton bagging. Speaker Cannon announced a list of important committee appointments. Word was received that the President had signed the tariff bill and the house adjourned officially at 6 o'clock sine die.

MUST GO UNDER FIRE

Torpedo Boats Will Be Targets for Fleet.

Old Point Comfort, Va., August 9.—When the giant battleships of the North Atlantic fleet, now lying in Hampton Roads nearby, steam out for their deep sea drills, thirty miles off the Virginia capes, they will take two little torpedo boats, probably to be shot to pieces. These tiny craft, the Nicholson and the Obeyen, among the oldest in the navy, are to serve as targets toward which the massive guns of the fifteen battleships are to hurl their tons of projectiles.

Four of the ships, the Wisconsin, the Kansas, the Georgia and the Mississippi lift their anchors this afternoon and proceed to the drill grounds. With these four out of the roads, preparations for the drill will be completed on the other vessels, the coaling and the taking on of water already being in progress. This probably will consume three or four days and it may be the first of next week before all the ships will have forsaken the gayeties which have marked their presence in these waters, and proceed to sea.

The torpedo boats will be carried to the drill grounds on mammoth barges, from which they will be launched. A piece of canvas stretched between two lowering masts, erected recently on the torpedo boats at the Norfolk navy yard, will be the bull's eye for the gunners on the battleships. Every precaution has been taken to keep the targets afloat, even after the projectiles have hit them.

SWEEPS IN WIDE CIRCLE

Williard Makes Flight in Curtiss Aeroplane.

Mineola, L. I., August 9.—His sixteenth successful flight with the Curtiss aeroplane was made today by C. Foster Williard. Flying close to the ground, Mr. Williard essayed to make a circle about a mile and a half in circumference, but was not able to complete the circle, owing to elevations of the ground and trees, which he had not calculated. He made five long curved flights, however, at high speed.

OFF FOR HAMPTON ROADS

North Atlantic Ships to Weather Rough Seas.

Provincetown, Mass., August 5.—Quietly and without display the battleships of the North Atlantic fleet, which have been practicing in Cape Cod bay for the past month, steamed out of the harbor late yesterday, bound for Hampton Roads, Va. Off the Virginia Capes they will supplement their practice in the calm waters of Cape Cod bay with maneuvers and other work under rougher conditions.

The battleship Maine remained behind for minor repairs.

THE MARKETS

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, August 7.—Bradstreets says: With the advent of August the new tariff has become an accomplished fact, the leading crops are assuming more tangible form, with some tempering of earlier exuberant estimates of yield; high premiums on old supplies of farm products are disappearing, and the usual fall buyers' excursions are bringing purchasers to leading markets. There is also noted this year what was absent for two preceding years—a growing scarcity of labor.

With the enlargement of the new crop movement, wheat supplies have begun to increase. This, coupled with enlarged movement of coal, lumber, iron and steel and general merchandize, is giving the railroads more to do, and there is already talk of the disappearance of idle cars from the list.

Building remains very active. That the general business situation is essentially sound is also evidenced by the comparatively small number of business suspensions and the lightest monthly failure liabilities witnessed for three years past.

On the other hand there are some features of the trade and industrial situation not as yet clearly defined. High raw material cost makes for caution in placing orders in some lines of cotton goods and the advance in the prices of some lines of finished iron and steel is claimed to have discouraged some new business.

As yet, the high cost of wool and of the finished goods has not seemed to effect demand in that line, but hides are easier, claimed to be due to tariff changes, and buying of leather shows a lull pending a clearer view of possible effects thereof.

Business failures in the United States for the week ending with August 5, were 184, against 223 last week, 205 in the like week of 1906, 157 in 1907, 137 in 1906 and 106 in 1905. Canadian failures for the week number 27, which compares with 34 last week and 19 in the corresponding week of 1908.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., August 10.—Wheat values in the local market sagged heavily on the call and later in the morning following a scramble of local longs to unload. The chief factor tending to depress values was the fact Toledo has been out of line with Chicago about a week. By 10 o'clock, cash and September were a full 2c lower at $1.06¼. December a half hour after the opening was quoted 2½c down at $1.05½ and May 1¼c off at $1.08½.

Lower cables had a tendency to drag prices down, as did heavy receipts. Toledo arrivals were 68 cars, of which 33 were contract and 22 sample. There has been no material change for the better in local wheat quality. Chicago got 500 cars against 421 a year ago. In the northwest receipts were light.

Lower prices are believed to have offset to some extent, bearish news. Good rains were reported in Illinois, which will do considerable good, September opened ¼c higher at 69c, December ⅜c advanced at 54⅞c and May ¼c off at 54¼c.

Corn closed about steady with cash at 71c, September at 68¾c, December at 55°c and May at 56½c.

Oats values headed downward from the opening. September started with a loss of ⅜c at 37¼c, December ⅛c off at 38⅛c and May ⅛c lower at 40⅛c.

Final oats prices: Cash, 39c; September 37½c; December, 38¾, and May at 40⅝c.

Continued profit taking has undermined the clover seed market and pronounced losses developed at the outset. Cash opened 10c lower at $7.00, October 10c down at $7.50, and March the same amount lower at $7.50.

Cash clover seed closed 15c off at $6.95, October and December 28½c down at $7.32½ and March 22½c easier at $7.37½.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Aug.10.	Aug.9.
Wheat—				Close	
Cash	1.06¼	....	....	1.06¼	1.08½
Sept	1.06⅜	....	1.06	1.06⅜	1.08½
Dec	1.06	....	1.05¼	1.05¼	1.05⅝
May	1.08½	....	1.08¼	1.08¼	1.09½
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	71	71
Sept	69	....	....	68¾	68⅝
Dec	54¼	....	....	55½	55½
May	56¼	57	....	56½	56½
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	39	39
Sept	37¼	....	....	37¾	37⅝
Dec	38⅛	....	....	38¼	38